HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXII.—No. 1116.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a beautiful double-page engraving, entitled "Imprisoned Spring," a page of Sketches in Southern California, and other attractive features.*

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A STITCH IN TIME.

THE renewed talk and statements and "confessions" in regard to frauds in the election of 1876 in Florida no more affect public opinion than the late confession about the Brooklyn scandal. There was a very general conviction in the winter of 1876–77 that there had been an immense amount of force, terror, and fraud in the election, and upon both sides, and there was an equally general disgust with the telegrams from Gramercy Park to Oregon and the mysteries of the Returning Boards. But the whole subject was so obscured, the character of the witnesses so doubtful, the truth so difficult to reach, the scope of investigation in all the States so limitless, the conviction so profound, that even if the actual figures of the returns could be ascertained, they would represent only a vote made fraudulent by terrorism of the voters, the perception so universal and indisputable that the law did not clearly authorize Congress to inquire into or set aside the certified result in a State, that the agreement upon the Electoral Commission was hailed as the greatest patriotic result; and when Congress accepted its decision, and the President was peacefully inaugurated, the question, so far as the election of 1876 and the Presidency of Mr. HAYES are concerned, was finally closed in the public mind, and closed, so far as those results are concerned, it will undoubtedly remain. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, who took occasion immediately after the inauguration to express the opinion that the result was accomplished by fraud, now expresses the equally decided opinion that matters should be allowed to remain *in statu quo*. That is the overwhelming opinion of intelligent and patriotic men. The consequences of an attempt to unseat a President upon the kind of evidence now offered, and by such proceedings as are now proposed, would be infinitely more disastrous than acquiescence in the only wise settlement that was practicable.

The condition of this country during the winter that followed the election of 1876, and the revival of the question in the second year afterward, show conclusively—and no intelligent man ought to be blind to the truth—that until the present method of electing a President is changed, the country will be plunged into the probability of a revolution at every election. It is obvious that the next general election will be very close. The Democrats confidently count upon a "solid South," which would require them to carry but two or three other States. The question of "fraud" can very easily be raised in any one of them, and there is as yet no law providing for its final settlement, or for action in case of a disagreement of the two Houses of Congress. Since the great peril of 1876 this has been really the paramount question, but as yet no decisive steps have been taken by Congress. Under the existing provision for electing the President, there is no general agreement as to the limit of the function of the Vice-President in counting the vote, and none as to the power of Congress, or of either branch. The country is simply running for luck. It is dancing along over ice that may at any moment break and plunge it into a tremendous catastrophe. Congress will be recreant to its highest duty if it adjourns without adopting a scheme that will prevent the dangers that are plainly seen.

The consequences that would follow such vital negligence are obvious. The conviction that the necessary and inherent instability which is alleged of all republican government had at last appeared in this would be not only a terrible blow at the character of popular government, but at our own prosperity. The worst "Mexicanization" that can befall us—and we heard a good deal of it in the winter of 1876–77—would be the conviction of intelligent and enterprising men, who are the truly conservative class, that this country had become revolutionary like the South American republics, and that an election was but another word for a civil convulsion. At present this is not an idle fear. If, in plain view of the winter of 1876, and with ample time and power to prevent the recurrence of a situation which is otherwise most probable, Congress does nothing, it will be either because we do not see our danger or do not know how to prevent it. In both cases our condemnation would be the same. The duty of Congress, therefore, is pressing and imperative. It is not to inquire whether in a precinct or a ward or a district in any State in 1876 some rascal tampered with the returns, but to take care that the fundamental law shall hereafter provide a plain remedy for the mischiefs which experience has shown are now sure to arise in case of dispute, and to decide in the same way whether or not Congress or either House shall undertake to verify the vote in every district in the country, and if so, in what manner it shall be done.

THE NICHOLAS PLAN.

ATTENTION has been so imperatively called by the events of the last Presidential election to the defects of the present plan of electing the President that every thoughtful suggestion upon the subject is welcome. The committee of the House is understood to have agreed upon a substitute for the present system. The action of the Senate committee is not known. Pending a decision, therefore, consideration of the NICHOLAS "plan" is timely, as it was the proposition of a man who had devoted much thought to American politics and political methods. Last year we stated the plan, and commented upon it. In the *American Law Review* for April of this year, Mr. TEMPLE BODLEY, of Louisville, Kentucky, describes it clearly, and forcibly urges the argument in its favor. It is very simple. An electoral college is to be chosen by the States, in which every State is to have at least one member, and one more for every additional million of population over the first. The electors so chosen are to be arranged alphabetically in six classes, and the classes are to be numbered by lot. The first class then selects by vote one elector from the second class; the second, in the same way, from the third; and so on with the other classes, the sixth selecting from the first. There are thus six electors chosen from the whole college, and from these two are selected *by lot*. The whole college then chooses by vote one of these two to be President, and the other is Vice-President.

This is the plan. There is nothing obscure or difficult in the details, and Mr. BODLEY proceeds to show by illustration how it would work. The object is plain. It is to secure a President who shall be the head of the nation, and not the chief of a party; and to that end to provide a method which shall frustrate all individual or party intrigue. The choice by lot baffles all scheming, and by increasing the number of names from which the choice by lot is to be made, the chances of collusion or of predetermination are virtually entirely destroyed. The NICHOLAS plan is substantially an attempt to restore to the electors the function which the Constitution originally devolved upon them. This is accomplished by confining the selection of the President to the body of electors, and thus compelling every State to choose as electors those of its citizens from among whom it would prefer to see the President chosen if the lot should fall upon the State. This would probably secure a worthy delegation from each State, and for reasons which did not exist under the old system, where the possible President was not an elector. Thus in New York the Republicans would nominate as electors the five or six leading men who could be considered by the party in the State as eligible for the Presidency. But no combination, either in New York or among Republicans in all the States, could compel the lot to fall upon any designated person. The same would be true of the Democrats. Thus each party would nominate its leaders in every State, and the President, to whatever party he might belong, would necessarily be one of its leaders. He would, therefore, be a party man, that is to say, a man with strong convictions that his party was really the guardian of the public welfare. But a President so chosen would have nobody to reward for his election. The power of patronage, consequently, would not be used for personal ends, and a great evil would thereby be remedied. But although not elected as the previously nominated candidate of a party, he would be still a man of strong party conviction, and if he could command the patronage, he would naturally use it for the benefit of the party that he thought most truly patriotic. Under existing laws, therefore, the patronage would still be a party if not a personal weapon, and therefore we can not agree with Mr. BODLEY that a real reform of the civil service system is included in the NICHOLAS scheme, although undoubtedly the plan would strip it of gross abuses.

The usual objections to the plan, such as the destruction of laudable ambition, and the deprivation of the right of nomination, and electing a President by "chucking up a copper," are more plausible than real. No system could more effectually destroy ambition than the present one, which is based wholly upon availability. Parties seek a candidate against whom the least can be said. But an able and ambitious man is necessarily conspicuous, and has "a record" from which, as experience shows, "every thing can be proved." As for the right of nomination in a National Convention, the suggestion to any one familiar with politics is merely amusing. A Convention, which is an enthusiastic and clamorous mob, chooses at hap-hazard, or by bargain, or by a hurra, one of a certain number of men previously selected by irresponsible persons, and often by a corrupt understanding. It is not only not the free action of the party, but it is chance in its worst and most dangerous form, while the NICHOLAS plan offers chance in its best and most promising form. It is, indeed, true that a party "machine" of either side might nominate the electors in any State, but its power would end there, while the conditions of the scheme, as we have said, would compel the machine in each State to nominate its leading men. We have said enough to show the character of the NICHOLAS plan, and that it deserves careful consideration from all who desire a real improvement in the method of electing the President, and who believe that the country will willingly and intelligently discuss any reasonable scheme. This plan is merely a new use of the body of electors which both the original and amended plans of the Constitution contemplate, and the only question is whether it does not secure the object sought by them more wisely and more surely than any that has been suggested.

THE "OLD MOLE."

THE reported conversation between the President and Mr. CAMPBELL, of Pennsylvania, about contributions to political expenses from office-holders, may be easily perverted to great mischief. The President's wish is plain enough. It is that office-holders shall be perfectly independent in the matter, and give or not, exactly as they choose. But the truth that needs to be emphasized is that the root of half the evil of the present system of the civil service is the idea that office-holders ought to pay because they are office-holders; in other words, that they enjoy an enormous favor, for which they should willingly account to the authors of the favor. This view is now the accepted and unquestioned theory, and it is the money raised under it which maintains "the machine" in full vigor, and enables it to destroy political independence, and exclude able and honorable men from public life. A perversion of any words of the President to the support of this theory would be a public misfortune. But it is unfair to assume that any statement of his actual expressions reported from Washington is correct in detail. Such reports are always to be revised in the mind of the reader by the President's known and declared views and by his undoubted sincerity. But it is time that the ridiculous notion that office-holders are especially bound to contribute to election expenses should be exposed. They are poorly paid, and they are more defenseless against extortion than other persons, and every one who desires a real reform will, under existing circumstances, favor absolute prohibition rather than encouragement of contributions from them.

But the lately reported remark of Secretary SHERMAN that persons "employed by the government will be permitted to work individually in connection with the Republican Congressional Committee, and to contribute money to carry on the campaign," and the letter of Attorney-General DEVENS last autumn, and the alleged purpose of reorganization of political associations among the clerks of the departments in Washington, are signs of a vital misunderstanding of the subject. There can be no half-way measures or position. When, indeed, there is a law duly enforced which provides an honorable and reasonable tenure of office, it may be left to every office-holder to determine the kind and degree of his activity in politics. But in the actual situation the imperative duty of an Administration which desires to secure the independence and efficiency of the service is to enforce the order of last June in its fullest significance, and, so far as depends upon its own action, to require total abstinence from political managing and campaigning on the part of office-holders. The angry retort that no President has the right to deprive American citizens of their political privileges of sharing in the work of politics, is conclusively disposed of by the principle that it is the President's duty to prohibit any thing which in his judgment interferes with the efficient performance of duty in his subordinates of the executive department. If he transcends his authority, there is the remedy of impeachment.

Now office-holding control of politics, sustained by assessments levied under the terror and the practical certainty of removal, is not only destructive of the efficiency of the service, but of the popular freedom of elections. It is an evil to be arrested by every proper means at the command of the President, and the possible mischief that might arise from the prohibition of all official political activity is nothing in comparison with the enormous evil of that activity as it now exists. The taxes levied upon office-holders are the main support of that activity, and the first condition of stopping them is the conviction upon the part of the victims that the Administration is resolved, so far as its power extends, to stop them at all hazards. They will not have, and they can not have, that conviction as long as the superior officers who levy the tax and who believe it ought to be levied still remain in power. Despite the President's personal wishes, the abuse will continue until men who are resolved that it shall stop are placed in authority. That, indeed, is beyond the President's sole power. But he can always show the kind of man that he would appoint if he could. The letter of the Attorney-General and the reported remark of the Secretary of the Treasury are absolutely at variance with the spirit of the President's order of last June, and must have the most demoralizing effect upon the service, necessarily preventing the very object which the President has in view.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

THERE was a very interesting meeting in this city a few days since of the ladies connected with the "Flower and Fruit Mission." This is not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the most humane and useful of charities, and the testimony to its influence and results offered at the meeting was unexpected and remarkable. The object of the mission is the distribution of fruits and flowers during the season in the public hospitals and among the sick poor of the city. The flowers are sent on Monday and Thursday mornings by the expresses, which generously aid the good work by charging nothing for the service, to the rooms at No. 239 Fourth Avenue; and during the summer of 1877 gifts of flowers and fruit came from seventy-eight different towns in the neighborhood of New York. There were nearly 74,000 bouquets, and these, with the fruit, were distributed among 103 hospitals, homes, missions, asylums, infirmaries, lodging-houses, industrial schools, tenement-houses, and three prisons. The work has been perfectly quiet and unostentatious and inexpensive. The actual outlay of the mission during the eight years of its existence has not amounted to $200. The active workers are usually ladies, and the object of the meeting was to bring together for acquaintance and social intercourse those in the different towns who have been interested.

The room was full, chiefly of ladies, and after a simple lunch the assembly was called to order, and a series of brief and most interesting speeches followed. The speakers were the Rev. Drs. JOHN HALL, ADAMS, OSGOOD, and BELLOWS, Drs. WILLARD PARKER and SAYRE, Mr. DEPUY, of the Children's Aid Society, and Mr. JOHN CROSBY BROWN; and letters were read from Mr. BRACE and Dr. WOOD. These were all testimonies to the exceeding value of the work from the varied experience of those who, more than any other classes in the community, are brought into intimate relations with the suffering and the poor, and nothing could be more impressive and interesting than the statements of the eminent surgeons of Bellevue Hospital, describing the happy results of the work in that institution. The proof to the poor patients of the human sympathy and interest which do not forget them in their extremity is a moral tonic which has the best possible physical effect. The warmth and eloquence of the expressions of gratitude from the surgeons were the highest tribute to the good work of the mission. Mr. DEPUY, whose experience in the tenement-houses is like that of the doctors in the hospitals, confirmed all that they said, and told touching stories of the delight which the flowers and fruit, and, above all, the sympathy of which they are the tokens, bring into the most squalid rooms of the sick and dying poor.

No one could hear what was said, in speeches as fresh and sincere as any we

have ever heard, without wondering that he had not taken a more active interest in the work. As Mr. BROWN said, not only the garden flowers, but the wild flowers and the road-side weeds, are most grateful to the suffering patient in town. Every rural neighborhood near the city will presently be buried in blossoms of every kind. A little thought and organization will enable every one of those neighborhoods, without appreciable loss to itself, to bestow the richest blessings and joy upon thousands of suffering little children and men and women. "They taste so sweet to my heart!" said one poor old body dying in a Baxter Street tenement-house. The Flower Mission is a simple, easy, practical way of "doing good" which, until this beginning was made, had not, perhaps, occurred to thousands who are ready and willing to work. They have only to put themselves in communication with the Flower Mission, No. 239 Fourth Avenue, and they will receive all information about details.

PRIVATEERING.

IT is reported from California that there is a proposition to fit out privateers under letters of marque from Russia to sail against British commerce should there be war, and Sir SAMUEL BAKER, in London, has written a letter prophesying, in that case, a general American onslaught of privateering. But as a correspondent of the London *Times* points out, and as seems to be often forgotten in this country, the Treaty of Washington, under which we recovered damages from England at Geneva, was designed as an "iron-clad" defense against this very mischief. The two countries by that treaty have made themselves responsible for the escape of any unfriendly armed vessel, and for all the consequences of the escape. This was one of the objections urged against the treaty by those who hold that we ought to rely upon privateering. It was one of its strong recommendations to those who favor honorable war. Mr. SUMNER, indeed, wished to amend the text of the treaty by substituting the phrase "by all means in its power" for the "due diligence" which each government was to exercise. But the words of the treaty were held to convey all the force of the proposed substitute, and the duties devolved upon the governments were most stringent.

Not only are we to watch carefully and arrest promptly every suspicious proceeding in our ports, but if the laws prove to be inadequate for the complete and summary frustration of any illicit or privateering movement, Congress must provide the necessary legislation; and if it fails to do so, the inadequacy of the laws is to be no bar to judgment against us. Thus it is expressly provided that privateers are not to sail through the holes in our old neutrality laws, and that under no pretext are we to take our "revenge" for the ravages of the *Alabama* and the *Shenandoah*. We have, indeed, no excuse for revenge, as we have been already paid, and every honorable American must rejoice that we are pledged to take no surreptitious part in a possible war.

PARTY ASPECTS OF THE HOLAHAN BILL.

THE vote on the passage of the "HOLAHAN" Excise Bill in the Assembly of New York illustrates one of the reasons of the strength and tenacity of the Republican party, to which we have often called attention. It is the general conviction that it is, upon the whole, the party of the intelligence and industry and progressive tendency of the country. This feeling is constantly justified by facts. If there be a purely demagogic proposition in Congress or a State Legislature, it is tolerably certain that it will generally receive its largest and strongest support from the Democratic party. On the other hand, if there be one favorable to education, to temperance, to real reform, it will usually find its active friends among the Republicans. We are very far from saying or thinking that all Democratic legislators are demagogues and all Republican legislators unselfish patriots, and we know very well that signal individual exceptions to a generalization of this kind could be readily mentioned. But the fact of the general tendency remains as indisputable as the other fact that the more generally intelligent a community is, the more Republican it is. It is this which leads to the conviction, which has been so long powerful and controlling in the country, that, upon the whole, and despite much that justly excites distrust and disgust, the country is safer with the government in Republican hands. It is not a conviction which will or ought to survive all party follies and misconduct, but it is one that makes the loss of public confidence in the party a greater shame to its recognized leaders.

The story of the "HOLAHAN" bill, in this view, is very brief. It was discovered some months since that the law of 1857 was really the only existing excise law, and that required that licenses should be granted only to innholders for retailing liquor to be drunk at the counter. A strict interpretation and enforcement of such a law would necessarily close a very large part of the grog-shops in New York and other cities. It aroused, therefore, the most active hostility of what is known as "the liquor interest." An unsuccessful attempt was made in the earlier part of the session to substitute for the existing law the "DALY" bill, which was less stringent. The "HOLAHAN" bill is an effort in the same direction. It provides that licenses may be granted not only to innholders, but to all persons of "good moral character," which means practically every body who can raise money to pay for a license. By an odd provision the cities of Watertown, Syracuse, and Newburgh are excepted from the operation of the act, and the innholding restriction still remains in force in the rural parts of the State.

The "HOLAHAN" bill, which is well described by the *World* as a "no-law law," curiously and suspiciously passed the Assembly, which had rejected a more stringent bill of the same kind. Of the 66 affirmative votes, 53 were Democratic and 13 Republican; of the 51 negative votes, 45 were Republican and 6 Democratic. It is another illustration of the tendency that we have mentioned. For if it be said that the individual members who voted in the negative were not really opposed to the bill—which nobody has the right to say—yet it shows that they know their constituents are opposed to it. In other words, the Republican sentiment of the State favors a strict license system. And that is the sentiment of the most intelligent people in the city, whether they are total abstinents or not. It is not a vote which will injure the Republican party, but, on the contrary, it will strengthen it, by showing that it is the party of temperance, of good order, and of a careful and effective supervision of dram-drinking, the prolific source of poverty, crime, and high taxes.

PATRIOTISM AND COMMON-SENSE.

THERE is a class of politicians who insist that because there was an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery in this country, therefore there must be an endless contest between the North and the South. The policy of conciliation, which after a civil war in any civilized country must necessarily be the policy of any thing worthy to be called statesmanship, is flouted by the politicians of whom we speak as contemptible molly-coddling, and the President is accused of betraying his party because he refuses to accept this view. Had these politicians been Englishmen a century ago, they would have insisted with Dr. JOHNSON that taxation was no tyranny, and poor CHATHAM and BURKE would have been withered by their powerful sneers as "conciliators."

Mr. ANGUS CAMERON, a Republican Senator from Wisconsin, has written an article in the *North American Review* for April, arguing that the irrepressible conflict is not ended. That there is perfect harmony of feeling between the sections can not, of course, be affirmed. But that there is no necessary ground of relentless hostility between them, like slavery, can not be denied. Simultaneously with the appearance of Mr. CAMERON's article, General GORDON, a Democratic Senator from Georgia, made a speech in Boston. Our readers will judge from the extract we give which of the two Senators shows the spirit of patriotic statesmanship, and which of the parties is the more fortunate in its spokesman. That General GORDON speaks for himself alone, and that there is no such feeling in the Southern States as he represents, is an assertion which is simply absurd. Such an assertion springs from the same disposition which makes the English Tories declare that the dispatches of Russian statesmen and even the word of the Emperor are all lies.

At the dinner of the Commercial Club in Boston, Senator GORDON said:

"I care not what mere politicians may say, the true statesmanship of the country, the true sentiment and intuitive perceptions of the people of the country, will refuse to believe and refuse to base the future legislation of the country on the unreasoning assertion that any portion of the people are the enemies of the country. In his heart of hearts the politician himself does not believe it. You men of Massachusetts, you Republicans or Democrats, do not believe it. We here make *profert* of ourselves. Do we present to you the appearance of bloody-minded enemies of our common country? Where is the evidence of that hostility? What have we done, what have we said, what votes have we cast, what revolutionary spirit marked our course in the country's peril one year ago, to justify such an imputation upon our fidelity to plighted faith, or our fidelity to law, or to the union of these States, or to the peace, the honor, and the prosperity of this government of our ancestors? It is true, we have had a war. But that war was in one sense a conflict of theories of constitutional constructions. That conflict began in the halls of Congress, and ended at Appomattox Court-house. It was in another sense a war over slavery. It began with the disappearance of that institution from your midst, and ended with its extinction on the American continent. What more was there left for us to quarrel over? It is true that, like Betsey and her husband, we were 'out;' but, like that couple, also, we quarrelled and made up and agreed to quarrel no more. The question ought to be no longer whether the circumstances of birth, of education, or conviction, carried men to the one side or the other during the war (for we must respect convictions which are strong enough to evoke the spirit of self-sacrifice, and are essential to great characters), but the question must be in the future, Who has proved himself the greatest patriot by doing most for his whole country? I know that no human power can long prevent this consummation. The people will put the politicians out of place who attempt it. Oh no, my countrymen! The causes that divided us are gone, and gone forever. The interests which now unite us will unite us forever."

PROTECTING THE TREASURY.

IF the Democrats in Congress wish to avoid a very formidable issue in the Congressional elections, they will hasten the passage of Mr. CLARKSON N. POTTER's bill referring all money claims, of whatever nature, against the government, to the Court of Claims, to be decided in legal form and under the rules of evidence. There are some 1200 claims now pending in the Committee on War Claims alone, and it is impossible to act intelligently upon any considerable number of them. The reference to the court would secure an equitable decision, unaffected by political influences, provided that its decision were final. Mr. POTTER's bill leaves this point a little uncertain by providing that the court shall report its conclusions to Congress, with its opinion of the proper judgment. The decision of the court should be made conclusive.

If the proposition should be rejected, and the majority should insist upon submitting such claims to a party tribunal in Congress, and especially if the Southern Democratic vote should be united in the rejection, the conclusion would be irresistible that the urging of the claims in Congress is to be a Democratic policy. The result of this conviction would be Republican union for resistance, and a cry that would go far to carry every Northern State. Mr. POTTER's proposition is useful because it will define sharply party position upon the subject. If made thorough, it will be supported by patriotic men of all parties, and its defeat would be a serious blow at the prospect of a Democratic majority in the next House.

PERSONAL.

DR. NORVIN GREEN, who has for several years been first vice-president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and is now acting as the president of that corporation, is a native of Kentucky, about sixty years old, and was educated as a physician. He took an active part in the politics of that State up to 1856, and was for two terms a member of the Legislature. In 1868 he was a prominent candidate for United States Senator, and came within a few votes of the Democratic nomination, which was equivalent to an election. In 1854 he went into the South-western Telegraph Company, and soon afterward became its president, which place he held until the consolidation with the Western Union. Since that time he has been its senior vice-president, excepting two years, during which he was president of the Louisville, Cincinnati, and Lexington Railroad Company, of which he negotiated the sale of a controlling interest to C. P. HUNTINGTON and others, in the interest of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, at that time pushing for a through connection through Kentucky and West Virginia to the Atlantic sea-board. Dr. GREEN combines fine culture with exceptionally strong administrative ability, and is thoroughly familiar with the various interests and practical workings of the great corporation which has become a potentiality in the social, intellectual, scientific, commercial, and political affairs of the country.

—General M'CLURG, of the well-known Chicago book firm of JANSEN, M'CLURG, & CO., during a recent visit to Europe made one of the largest and finest selections of foreign works ever imported at one time into this country. The catalogue of this enterprising firm, just issued, embraces nearly eleven hundred works, some of which are quite rare, and all of standard value. It speaks well for the culture and intelligence of Chicago, as also for the taste and business sagacity of General M'CLURG, that the importation of so large and costly a collection should be justified by the popular demand. Besides the foreign works, the catalogue embraces many volumes on early American history.

—The Rev. Dr. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN has been spoken of in England as likely to be made a cardinal. There is probably no ecclesiastic in Great Britain who has received more compliments from eminent statesmen than Dr. NEWMAN. Earl RUSSELL once took occasion to pronounce in Parliament a panegyric on the distinguished divine. Lord BEACONSFIELD, in the general preface to his novels, declares that "the secession of Dr. NEWMAN dealt a blow to the Church of England under which it still reels;" and Mr. GLADSTONE has singled him out—all admired as he is—to illustrate the maxim that the world does not know its greatest men.

—Mr. ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE, under whose editorial management so much vigor and ability have been imparted to the *North American Review*, is now in Europe, for the purpose, in part, of securing for the *Review* the pens of the foremost writers abroad. America requires and will pay for the best writing of which the Old World or the New is capable of producing, and the ample wealth and literary and business aptitude of Mr. RICE will scarcely fail to secure all that can be desired.

—We find in a London paper received by last steamer this curious personal: "NEVILLE SHERBROOKE, who has taken as a second experiment Miss CAIRNS [daughter of the Lord Chancellor], was formerly in the army. His 'first' was Lord HOWE's lovely daughter, and at his wedding he marched to the altar with her child in his arms!" Such is the vivacity of the English character.

—Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS, who, as an owner of stock in the *Express*, has been sued by Mr. JENNINGS for libel, has stated in his place in the Assembly that his personal and business relations with the editor of the *Times* have long been most friendly, and that having ceased to be editor of the *Express* on the 1st of June, 1877, he has been since that date in no manner responsible for what has appeared in its columns. The alleged libel upon Mr. JENNINGS, formerly the editor of the *Times*, appeared in the *Express* within a few weeks, and no one who knows Mr. BROOKS could possibly attribute to him any personal responsibility for it.

—The Earl of Enniskillen is totally blind, and is the tallest man in the House of Lords, measuring six feet seven inches. He has one of the best collections of coins in Great Britain. His daughters, the Ladies COLE, are also quite tall, being over six feet. They are also very handsome, and good horsewomen.

—Mr. BALLARD SMITH has become managing editor of the *Sun*, having retired from a similar position, which he has held for a year past, on the *World*. Mr. SMITH is a graduate from the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and is not only a ready and forcible writer, but has the peculiar tact and industry and that sort of intuitive talent that are indispensable for the managing editor of a leading daily.

—Mr. ROBBINS LITTLE, a graduate of Yale of the class of 1851, has been appointed superintendent of the Astor Library, in place of Mr. BREVOORT, resigned. Mr. LITTLE has recently been employed in one of the public departments at Washington. The only other names seriously mentioned in connection with the office were those of Mr. JOSEPH SABIN, well known in the book trade, and Mr. FREDERICK SAUNDERS, the present librarian—a man of fine scholarship, the author of several most delightful works, and possessing a knowledge of books and their authors not surpassed by that of any man in this country.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

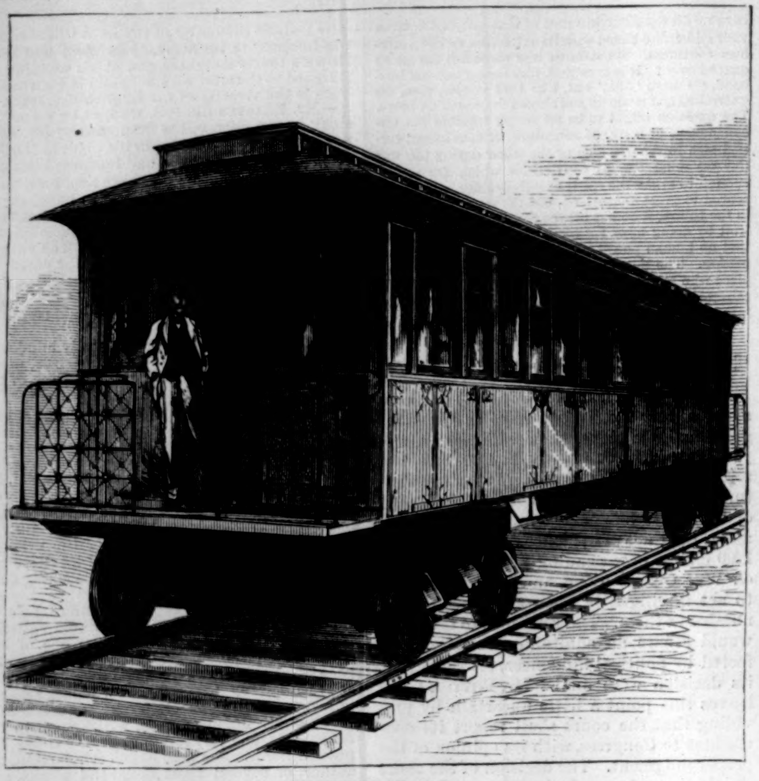
CONGRESS: The House, on the 27th ult., passed the Indian Appropriation Bill, amounting to $4,772,000. The House, by a vote of 177 to 35, passed a bill prohibiting the further retirement of legal-tender notes. The House agreed to the report of the conference committee on the Naval Appropriation Bill, and, on the 30th, the Senate did the same.—The President, on the 30th, nominated Commodore R. H. Wyman to be Rear-Admiral. The Senate Finance Committee reported adversely on Mr. Beck's concurrent resolution to suspend the operation of the Sinking-fund Act.—The Senate Judiciary Committee, on the 2d inst., reported back the bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law, with an amendment to perfect the saving clause. It provides that the repeal of the law shall not affect pending cases and all future proceedings therein, and in respect of all pains, penalties, and forfeitures, which shall have been incurred under any of said acts prior to the day when this act takes effect, or which may be thereafter incurred under any of those provisions of any of said acts, which, for the purposes named in this act, are kept in force, and all penal actions and criminal proceedings for a violation of any of said acts, whether then pending or thereafter instituted, and in respect of all rights of debtors and creditors (except the right of commencing original proceedings in bankruptcy), and all rights of, and suits by or against, assignees, under any or all of said acts, in any matter or case which shall have arisen prior to the day when this act takes effect (which shall be on the 1st day of January, A.D. 1879), or in any matter or case which shall arise after this act takes effect in respect of any matter of bankruptcy authorized by this act to be proceeded with after said last-named day.

An explosion occurred in a flouring mill in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on the 2d inst., followed by a fire, which destroyed the building, with six other mills. Seventeen persons are reported killed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION: The *Agence Russe* of the 1st inst. says that the situation is unchanged. The *pourparlers* continue. The Grand Duke Nicholas has been promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal General, and recalled on account of ill health. General Todleben has been appointed commander-in-chief of the army in Turkey. The general at once issued an order of the day instructing the Russian troops in Roumania to behave well toward the people. The negotiations between the Russian head-quarters and Admiral Hornby for a simultaneous withdrawal have been resumed.—England continues her warlike preparations. The whole of the staff and commissioned officers stationed at Aldershot have been notified to hold themselves in readiness for immediate active service. There is great enthusiasm in India. Two detachments of troops have sailed from Bombay, one on the 29th ult. and the other two days later. Mr. Assheton Cross, Home Secretary, in a long address at the opening of the Conservative Club in Preston, on the 1st, maintained that although certain clauses of the treaty of San Stefano might be innocent, the treaty as a whole was very mischievous. The government in a Congress would convince the world, and probably even Russia, that the treaty ought to be modified. England, he said, would treat it fairly and admit the changes that had arisen, but she had a right to discuss them. He denied that the government encouraged Turkey, or was actuated by a warlike spirit. The government, he said, sought to bring about an accord of the powers; but what good would there be in the powers meeting in Congress if the treaty they signed could be torn up at any moment by one of the signatories?—A telegram from Belgrade says the friendship between Russia and Servia is completely restored. It has been arranged that Servia, in the event of an Anglo-Russian war, shall only observe the stipulations of the San Stefano Treaty while Turkey remains neutral. It is probable that the Servian army will slowly occupy many strategical positions in Old Servia with the consent of Russia. All the levies will be at their posts by May 19. The intrenched camp at Kladova, which is one of the principal points of concentration, is now completely fortified.—An affray has occurred between Russian and Turkish soldiers near Dand Pasha Barracks, about two miles beyond the fortifications of Constantinople. Eighty men were wounded on both sides. The Seraskierate has consequently prohibited Russian soldiers from crossing the line of demarkation.—Arms and ammunition destined for the Mussulman insurgents in Roumelia have been discovered leaving Adrianople concealed in coffins.—The British consul at Portland, Maine, has gone to Southwest Harbor to watch the movements of the suspected steamer *Cimbria*.

The French International Exposition was formally opened by President M'Mahon on the afternoon of the 1st inst. The crowd was immense and the ceremonies magnificent. Among the distinguished persons present were the Prince of Wales; Don François d'Assise, father of the King of Spain; the Duc d'Aosta, brother of the King of Italy and ex-King of Spain; Prince Frederick, Crown Prince of Denmark; the Prince of Orange, heir-apparent to the throne of the Netherlands; and Prince Henry of Holland.



EXTERIOR OF CAR.

INTERIOR OF CAR.

RAISING CARS UPON THE TRACK OVER AN INCLINED PLANE.

THE GILBERT ELEVATED RAILROAD.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 389.]

JOHN MORRISSEY.

Mr. John Morrissey, who died at Saratoga on the evening of May 1, was a man whose prominence in State and city politics lead the public to take an exceptional interest in his career. It seems strange, indeed, that one who began life as a street rough, who was at different times a steamboat fireman, an emigrant runner, a professional pugilist, and during the latter years of his life the proprietor of fashionable gambling-houses, whose gilded fascinations allured thousands of young men to ruin, should be accepted as a reform leader in politics, should be elected to Congress and the State Legislature, and that his death should be regretted as the loss of a valuable and efficient ally in the cause of honest legislation. But the explanation of this anomaly is simple enough. Mr. Morrissey was incapable of drawing nice moral distinctions. He could not perceive any difference between betting on the turn of a card and betting on the rise and fall of stocks; but it is the unanimous verdict of his associates in public life that he was a man of strict integrity, above trickery and deceit, and that he was never engaged in any job or scheme against the public welfare. He did his duty "according to his lights," and in every office which he held he acted the part of an honest man. This much must in justice be said of him, in estimating his character as a politician, however strongly we may reprobate the detestable business in which he was engaged as a private citizen.

Mr. Morrissey was born in Ireland, February 12, 1831. At the age of five years he was brought to this country by his parents, who settled at Troy, New York, where he grew up to manhood. He received a meagre education—almost none, in fact—and led a rough life among the rude workmen in the iron mills, among whom muscular strength was regarded as the noblest attribute of a man. As a youth he achieved great notoriety for his combative qualities, and was regarded as a formidable antagonist in a fight. His fighting propensities led him into innumerable rows, in which he displayed astonishing physical energy, pluck, and endurance.

When about fifteen years old he served as fireman on a Hudson River steamboat. He first became known in this city through a free fight in a place then notorious as a resort for sporting men, which brought him to the notice of an employer of emigrant runners, who at once engaged his services. At that time these "runners" were the pest and terror of emigrants, who were robbed and ill-treated by them in the most brutal and shameless manner. The new-comer was immediately set upon by the older hands in the business, but Morrissey soon convinced them that they had better let him alone.

The discovery of gold in California induced Mr. Morrissey to seek his fortunes on the Pacific coast, whither so many adventurers were drawn. He met with many adventures of various kinds, engaged in a prize-fight with George Thompson, and in 1851 returned to the East. We will not follow his record here, nor attempt to recount his pugilistic achievements. His career in the prize-ring ended with his contest with John C. Heenan in 1858. He soon after settled in New York, and became proprietor of a faro-bank, in which, and by speculation in Wall Street, he amassed a large fortune. In 1870 he established the well-known club-house at Saratoga—one of the most elegant and alluring, and therefore one of the most dangerous, gambling-houses in this country, where faro, roulette, rouge et noir, and other games are carried on during the season in open defiance of law.

JOHN MORRISSEY.—[Photographed by R. E. Churchill.]

Mr. Morrissey was ambitious of political distinction. In 1866 he was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1868. He did little active work as a member, but was known as a quiet supporter of just and useful measures. From 1870 he was a strenuous opponent of Tammany Hall and Tweed. He was twice elected to the State Senate against strong Tammany candidates.

Mr. Morrissey possessed many genial traits of character. He was regarded as a "square man," one who stuck to friends through thick and thin, and made open war upon his enemies. His disposition was generous, and his word was never to be doubted. Without abating any of the detestation with which his professional career must be regarded, we must give him due credit for his conscientious discharge of duty in public life; but this, after all, can not outweigh the injury done to society by his successful course as a professional gambler, nor make us forget the thousands of young men who have been lured to their destruction in his luxurious Saratoga resort.

THE GILBERT ELEVATED RAILROAD.

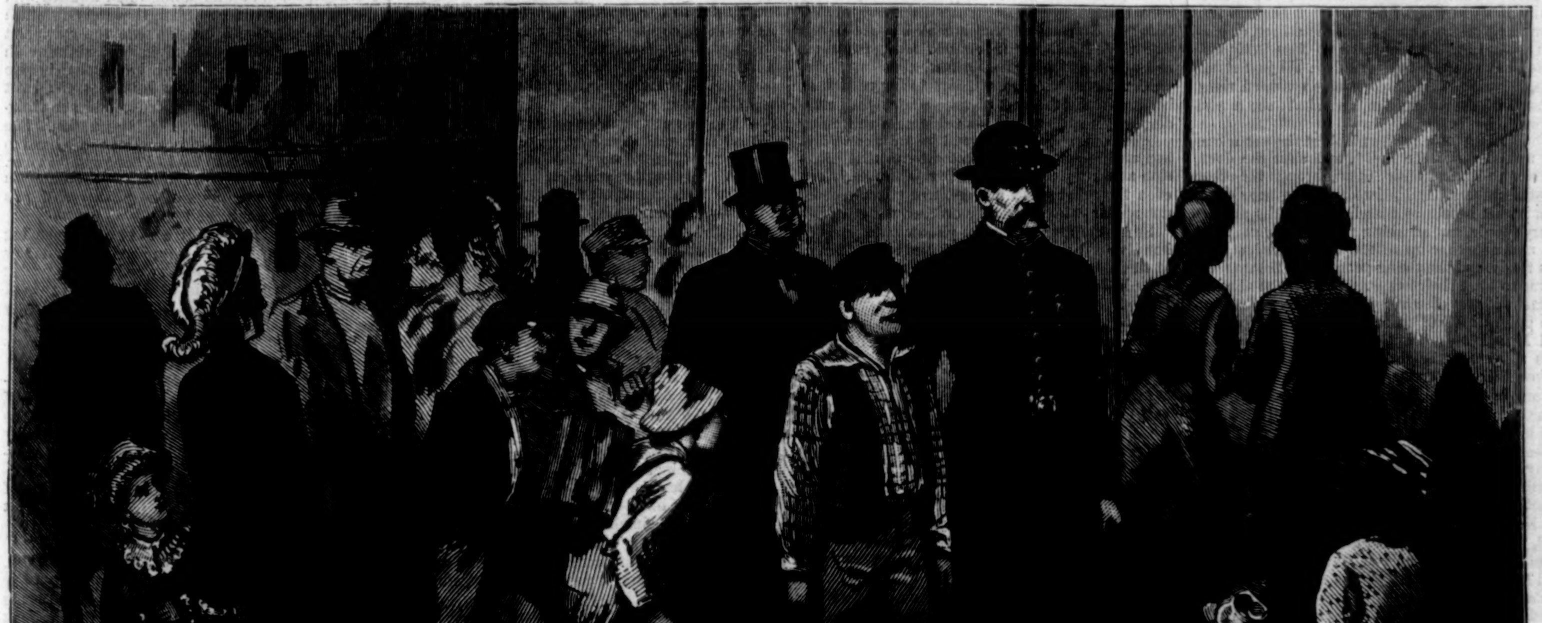
The Gilbert Elevated Railroad on the west side of the city is rapidly approaching completion. A few days ago through trains were run from the inclined plane in the rear of Trinity Church to Central Park in the astonishingly short time of eleven minutes, of course without making any stops. This was at the rate of about thirty miles an hour.

On the preceding page we show the new Pullman cars manufactured for this road. They are models of elegance and convenience. The interior view shows the arrangement of the seats. There are eight in the centre, crosswise the car, capable of seating sixteen persons, and affording cozy nooks for parties of four; those at each end, eight on a side, run lengthwise the car, in order to afford a wider space for entering and passing out. The exterior of the cars is painted a light green, which has a pleasant effect. Inside are tastefully decorated ceilings, panelled with oak, with mahogany mouldings, and delicately frescoed in oil in the Queen Anne style. The windows are of French plate-glass, and the transoms of embossed glass of the same quality. By night each car will be brilliantly illuminated by three hanging lamps, which afford light enough to enable one to read small type in any seat. The engines are similar in outside appearance to the passenger cars—from which, indeed, they are distinguishable only by a small smoke-stack. They contain a cozy room for the accommodation of smokers, which will be a boon to lovers of the weed. The working gear of the engines is entirely hidden in the ornamental case. They have four drivers, coupled with two pilot wheels in front and two in the rear, so that the principal weight rests upon the drivers, which insures great steadiness of motion.

On the trial trips all the curves were made with the greatest ease; and although the noise was much greater than it will be, owing to the newness of the rails and wheels, it was observed that very few horses took fright at the passing trains. They have already been accustomed to the sight and sound by the trains of the elevated railway on the west side, and little trouble is to be anticipated from this source.

The lower cut shows how the cars are raised to the tracks by means of an inclined plane and a stationary engine. On the left, workmen are engaged in constructing a station platform.

We observe that it has been proposed to change the name of this road from that of its inventor to a more general one. This ought not to be done. Dr. Gilbert has been identified with the road from the first. The plans and constructions are his own inventions, and the road should bear his name. It is certain to be known popularly by no other; and to give it a title like the "Metropolitan Railway," or some such name, would be unjust to the man to whose ceaseless energy and inventive skill its success is largely due.



A STREET ARREST.—[Drawn by C. Kendrick.]

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

"It seems good, after all—now don't it, Patty?—to have the house lighted up agin, though it's made a deal of work and a considerable fuss and trouble for just a day. But folks will have their whims; and it isn't often my folks is whimskul, so I don't complain, and I know you don't, Patty."

"No, Mrs. Dobson," said good-natured Patty; "I'm willin' to work, and I take pride in fixin' up for Miss Dolly: it's *her* party, you know. And Jacques tells me all the young ladies is to bring their own pardners. There'll be a sleigh-ride to-morrow morning, for they *do* say there never was such sleighing as there be this year; and in the evening the German. And what time is the supper to-night, Mrs. Dobson?"

"Half past ten," replied the housekeeper; "and here it is a quarter of nine, and the train due at half past. Well, they'll have a good supper; not but that we could have done without that French cook sent with Jacques, for I don't hold to French cookery, and never shall; it's my idee that frogs and crokkits and myniece is del'terious to Americans that was brought up on the *Mayflower*, and baked beans, and good stiff pumpkin pie. And they'll have an appetite for it, ridin' across the cold hills through the drivin' wind in that great straw-ride sledge of Gaffer's—the only thing that could be pitched upon to hold sixteen; and there's sixteen comin', all told."

"Dear me!" said Patty. "And I wonder who Miss Dolly's pardner is? If it's that pretty, curly-headed Mr. Ned Berton, I don't blame her for goin' agin Mrs. Derwent a little. Now what does make Mrs. Derwent hate Mr. Ned?—and she do hate him in dead earnest."

"I can tell you," said Mrs. Dobson; "'tis because she has got another husband in her eye for Miss Dolly. But if she has, what bizness is't of mine? What bizness is't of *yours*, Patty? You ought to know better than be meddling with the affairs of your betters—a young thing like you."

Whereupon the gossips parted, Mrs. Dobson to go down stairs and watch the salad-dressing—in which even to her satisfaction the French cook played the prescribed third part of "a madman to stir it up"—and Patty to go up stairs for a last look at Miss Dolly's room, which was all in order, and "like a baby house," so Patty thought, "for cunnin' things."

A real girl's room it was, though Dolly was a young lady grown, eighteen her last birthday, and "out" this winter. As Patty flitted around the room, feather duster in hand, and lingered fondly at the "duchesse," as Mrs. Derwent called the lace-draped toilette whose mirror was bestuck with cards and photographs, a card dropped from *somewhere* and lighted upon the blue pincushion. Patty lifted it, somewhat troubled, for she had been ordered not to touch the mirror, and she knew by one transgression of that order that if the array came tumbling down like a card house, there was no putting it up agin to cheat Miss Dolly.

She looked at the memento ruefully. It was a large card, with a gray crest in the corner and a few written lines. She turned it over. On that side too there was writing, but in different-colored ink, and much finer. Patty could not read handwriting, but she said to herself, "This card is Miss Dolly's; shall I try to put it back in the mirror, and perhaps push down the others, or perhaps put it in the wrong place, so Miss Dolly will know I have been *touching?* No; I'll just stand it up, *this way*, with the crest side outward, right in front of the pincushion, and she'll see it and know it's her'n."

Then Patty took her last look at the pet room, and turned down the lights, and shut the door, and went, with less enthusiasm, through the other guest-chambers. And before long the great sledge, with its six horses and its hundred bells and its merry people, came rushing and jingling and singing and shouting up to the door. And supper was ready, and the young people just flew to their rooms to drop their wraps. And then at the last moment it was discovered that there were *seventeen* guests instead of the sixteen provided for; and Miss Dolly—beautiful Miss Dolly, with her eyes shining as bright as stars, and her silken yellow hair fluffing up around her forehead and falling in glittering streams upon her fur-lined cloak that she tossed back like white wings, until she looked like an angel in a picture, only more so—stood in the passage and said, "Well, then, Patty, give some one *my* room, and I will go with Cousin Emily." And Patty, with a natural instinct of attraction for the "pretty curly-headed Mr. Ned Berton," went straight to him first, and said, "Would you please, Sir, take Miss Dolly's room? and I'll show you the way." And Mr. Ned Berton, without uttering a word, but looking, as Patty said afterward, "just caught up and fluttered," did as he was bid.

Then there was supper; and by the time the clock struck twelve, good-nights were said, and the guests were all locked in their chambers to seek the slumber that should make them quite fresh for the delightful morrow.

And at midnight Ned Berton, in a sort of awe, stood in Dolly's room, with his hand upon his heart, looking about him, and saying, beneath his breath, "This is *hers*, then, and given to me! I am glad no other fellow has it. I believe I would knock down any other fellow who had this room, who dared to sleep in it, or who dared to take a long look at it. Dolly, my darling angel! I hardly dare to sleep in it myself, it is so sacred.—I suppose she fixes her hair there;" he glanced at the blue and white toilet. "And I suppose she kneels down and says her prayers here;" he not only glanced at but he *kissed* the blue and white coverlet. Dolly was Ned's first love, and he adored her. "I don't think I shall sleep to-night, or, if I do, 'twill be to dream of her, like one who looks on life when he is dying; for I know very well—and surely to-night I have better reason to know it than ever—my love is *hopeless*.—What is *this?* My card?" His eye had caught the crested card set against the pincushion. He approached and read it without lifting it, recognizing his own handwriting. "Ah!" he sighed, "I remember the day I gave that to Dolly, more than a year ago—yes, for it was at Christmas-time, and now it is February. I slipped it into her hand as she passed through the hall, at the Damois breakfast, with that detestable Eustace Hurd. I saw her blush quickly before she took it. How well she knew I had something for her! I believe Dolly and I could make each other understand *any thing* without a word or whisper. 'A word to the wise,' they say, 'is sufficient;' a *look* is enough to the loving. And what eyes she has! Well, I must forget them; I must learn to forget them. But not to-night—not to-night, Dolly."

He took up the card and mechanically turned it over. "N. B.," and a few lines of handwriting. He paused at "N. B." "*Her* writing, and my initials, as she names me—Ned, Ned Berton. It must be for me. She knows that I am here. What else, then, could the card—my card—be here for? 'N. B.'—to any other eyes, and in case of accident, simply *nota bene;* but to me!—ah, I will *note well*, my angel! 'N. B.—Ask mamma to-night, and if she says no, ask papa; and if he says no, *make him* say yes. To-night, without delay. *February* 10.'

"'February tenth'—that's to-morrow. 'Ask mamma.' Oh, Dolly, can you mean it? Your command is law; but Mrs. Derwent will say no. That is a foregone conclusion, since I have no prospects—no immediate prospects at least—and here's Eustace Hurd worth half a million. There's no hope for me *there*. 'Then ask papa; and if he says no, make him say yes.' Can I make him? What shall I say to make him? What arguments can I bring to bear upon this intelligent, kindly, but thorough 'man of the world,' in this age of high living, when sentiment rates at so little and money rates at so much, to show myself, a young lawyer with an income of barely three thousand a year, a just rival, in a claim for the hand of Dolly Derwent, of Eustace Hurd, worth half a million? What arguments can I use? Or, in default of argument, how shall I express myself to reach his heart?—for I suppose that under all his jovial worldliness he *has* a heart. Let me think."

And he thought. Alone there in Dolly's room, with the light lowered to a spark, sitting in the arm-chair, with his head leaning upon his hand and his eyes downcast, he thought. The wind that had arisen with sunset died down; its wild sobbing across the hills and in the tree-tops ceased; rain fell, then a sharp, fine sleet beat against the window-panes; that too ceased. The little porcelain clock upon the mantel struck half past four, and still Ned Berton thought. At last dim daylight glimmered on the walls, and then, wearied to the soul, he flung himself upon the sofa and fell asleep.

Some one awoke him late. He was the last one at the breakfast table, and the sleighs—eight dashing little cutters, with "just room for two"—were at the door. The eighth had been procured with some difficulty; but this Ned Berton was not to know: politeness would not inform him that he was the odd one of the party, the seventeenth, who had not been provided for, having been invited by Mr. Derwent on the supposition that "of course Ned was included"—a supposition which Mr. D. learned emphatically, afterward, had not been founded upon fact.

Mrs. Derwent, however, not to be remiss as hostess, made the best of an embarrassing blunder, and in spite of her plan that only the young people, seven couples, should enjoy the sleighing, and in spite of her antipathy to that diversion and her unconquerable fear of horses, which even the sober grays of her Park phaeton could not render calm, heroically ordered the cutter.

She came and rested her plump little jewelled hand with matronly ease upon Ned's shoulder, as at the now deserted breakfast table he bent over his plate in abstracted mood, trying to swallow his hot roll and coffee, and said, genially, "So, Ned, I am to go with *you*. But only on one condition—that you will *promise* not to run away with me."

Ned withdrew himself from his soul's preoccupation just sufficiently to jerk down a last mouthful and to say, with rather confused gallantry, "I can not promise for myself, Mrs. Derwent; but I will promise that no unappreciative animal, no 'untamed fiery steed,' shall run away with you."

"Then come," said she, gayly, "for they are all going or gone. Why, Ned, you have eaten *nothing*. Won't you have another cup of coffee? No? Well, we shall lunch sumptuously at the 'Blue Globe;' they have been two weeks preparing for us. That will be *déjeuner* for you. Where is Dolly?"

Ah, Dolly! There she stood on the door-step by the side of Eustace Hurd, wrapped tight in her fur cloak, ready for departure, and her sweet warm face—not hooded deeply enough to hide its golden halo—turned wistfully backward. "Good-by, mamma," she cried; and then she saw Ned, and the sweet face changed—turned pale for the instant, Ned thought, if such a thing could happen that a rose-bud should turn pale. She gave him just a look, scarcely a smile. He felt his heart's wild beating answer her appealing look.

Such a morning as that morning was!—one of those miracles of mornings when the white mantle of the snow makes the world like a new-born planet; when Nature shows herself in all her artistic renderings a sculptor more than a painter, exclaiming, for the moment, like the passionate angel of the palette, "Form is every thing; the outline is the picture." The sleet had polished the snow, and the scene was not only moulded against the horizon in bold and chiselled contour, but every detail of foreground, every stone and fence and leafless bush, and every aisle of perspective, every farm-house and grove and overbranching forest, was as if cut in crystal or in marble, decisive and pure and delicately hewn in matchless marvel of curve and tracery. A white new world.

To Ned Berton, with one thought in heart and brain and imagination, this wealth of beauty was as naught. And Mrs. Derwent certainly had no expression of admiration on her countenance as she said, spasmodically, "This is really"—with an alarmed glance at the horse's ears—"the best—isn't it, Ned?"—with a terrified gasp as the sleigh lurched and darted forward—"sleighing that we"—and an impetuous movement of her hand out of her muff—"we have had"—and an uncontrollable clutch at Ned's arm—"in *years*."

"Splendid!" said Ned, gloomily. "Glorious!" said Ned, savagely. "Oh, how I wish," he thought, "that I could get hold of Eustace Hurd's coat collar! He would be tossed into that snow-bank before he knew it: how does he *dare* to bend his head so close to Dolly? There! now they have turned the corner; they will be out of sight." "Whoa, Charlie! hi, Charlie!"—to the horse, which exhibited decided signs of uneasiness, developing presently into vicious restiveness, the unruly beast now leaping frantically onward, now shying at a shadow, and now with uprearing hind-legs bespattering the occupants of the sleigh with bits of ice and snow dust. Mrs. Derwent nearly fainted, and then "came to;" and Ned Berton nearly swore, as the sleigh in front exasperated him with its silhouette of a tender couple, and then recovered himself with a consideration of pity for his really suffering companion, and with—faith in Dolly.

So they proceeded, having some intervals of smooth going and conversation between long spells of harassing irregularity in the conduct of the horse, and of stinging jealousy to Ned, and of unfeigned terror on the part of Mrs. Derwent, until, after a distressing sleigh-ride of two hours, they came to the "Blue Globe;" and Mrs. Derwent, immediately after alighting, rushed to Dolly and said, "My dear, I can not possibly go back with him. My nerves will be shattered. You will *have* to, for you are not afraid of any thing, my darling. I will go home with Eustace Hurd; you must go with Ned. Only"—with sudden caution—"you must promise that you will not speak a word, or let him speak a word, beyond commonplace."

And Dolly, only too glad on any terms to return with her dear lover, promised faithfully; whereupon Mrs. Derwent's terror subsided. The young people had a dance in the rustic ball-room of the "Blue Globe," and then lunch; and by four o'clock the sleighs were ordered for home, and Mrs. Derwent went with Eustace Hurd. And Dolly—silent, blissful Dolly—was tucked rapturously into the cutter with Ned. Off and away again!

The afternoon was superb. Even Ned, who had been blind all the morning, appreciated the beauty now. The sun shone as it never shone before; the sky was like a sapphire; the icicles melted and dropped in a million diamonds; the shadows of the fir-trees on the burnished snow were blue as the blue of the Grotta Azzurro. The little snow-birds hopped tamely by the road-side, and chirped musically. And the horse—going home—was as gentle as a lamb: Ned was able to drive him with one hand, and so find place for the other hand under the sleigh-robe close to Dolly's.

Faithful to her promise to keep the talk perfectly commonplace, whenever Ned approached any topic deeply interesting, Dolly interposed with a light remark or laughing jest, until at last Ned became desperate, and cried, "Oh, Dolly, will you not listen to a word that is earnest? May I not speak to you one moment of *that?*"

And then she answered, quite seriously, even sadly: "Not for the world of *that*, dear Ned. Not to-day. To-morrow, perhaps; if there is such a thing as to-morrow for me, when I only wish that to-day—just as it is now, I mean—could last forever! To-morrow, perhaps, you may speak of *that;* not before, as you love me, Ned."

"Then you are not *hopeful?*" sighed Ned.

"Hopeful? Oh no, no; so far from hopeful! But, oh, Ned, hush!" He felt, under the sleigh-robe, her little hand's quick pressure of his. "Let us just be happy this beautiful day, that seems to rub out every thing that is dark and gloomy with its white-gloved hand. I love these blue and white winter days. Every one loves contrast, you know; and, Ned, the colors of my life are not these light, gentle colors just now."

That evening, when Dolly was dressed for the German in her delicate gown of pink gauze and her wreath of blush-roses, two notes were brought to her almost simultaneously; one on a silver salver by Jacques, who was dismissed immediately, and the other produced with some perturbation from an apron pocket by Patty, who devoutly lingered.

Dolly had just reached the landing of the upper staircase, on her way down to the drawing-room, when these messages reached her, and she stood in the arch of the stained-glass window—where Patty hastened to light the bracket lamp—and read them both. The first, on lavender-tinted paper, with a monogram tricolored, was from Eustace Hurd:

"Dear Miss Derwent,—At last I have the permission of your mother to say to you a few words that I have long wished to say, and that have only been suppressed, in consideration for your youth and inexperience, until this hour. Will you grant me the indulgent favor to come into the library for a moment before the dance?

"Your devoted Eustace Hurd."

The other note—on papa's business paper—was from Ned Berton.

"My darling Angel,—I have done exactly as you told me—at least in regard to your father. A thousand blessings on that inspiring little *card*, which I have worn upon my heart all day. Oh, Dolly, but for your divine courage I should have yielded to despair.

"Your father has given me permission to address you. Meet me one moment, dearest, before the dance, in the library, just to let me look at you and kiss your hand. I promise not to *say a word of that* till to-morrow.

"Your own Ned."

"Miss Dolly just turned white and red like a four-o'clock posy," said Patty, describing the scene afterward. "And then when she thought I didn't see, she kissed Mr. Ned's note, and she said to herself like, 'But what can he mean about the card—the spiral little card? I don't understand this.' And then I said, 'Oh, Miss Dolly, do send some answer quick to Mr. Ned, for he's walking up and down the piazza this freezing night without an overcoat.' And she says, 'Go tell him *I will*.' And I ran mighty quick—for Mr. Ned may thank *me* that he did not catch his death of cold—and told him what she said, and he cried out, 'Bless you, Patty! you are a good girl, Patty.' And he gave me—but I didn't do it for that. And my! ain't he a hearty young gentleman? and *just the one* for Miss Dolly!"

"What can he mean about the *card?*" thought Dolly again, as, so absorbed in Ned's surprising note that she quite forgot the other, she went musingly down stairs.

For in fact the card was a simple memorandum made a year ago. But not until months after the present pregnant February 10, to which it proved such an exciting precipitator, did Ned Berton know that the writing had been made upon the white surface, oblivious of the other side of the crested card, by his impulsive little lady-love one day when, with her most intimate girl-friend as witness, and with her own written terms to serve for solemnity, like a sworn signature, she determined to ask her mother, and, in case of denial there, to coax her indulgent father, for "a black silk gown with train, and trimmed with Chantilly, like Miss Austen's"—a style of costume already pronounced "too old" for a school-girl. Could it be possible that fate in caprice destined this girlish demand to be answered not by "a black silk," but by a pearl-white wedding-gown? Time alone could tell.

Flushed and radiant, and with but one thought in her heart, Dolly glided down the stairs and entered the library. But she recoiled with astonishment when Mr. Hurd, alert with expectation, stepped briskly forward, and, lifting her hand to his lips, kissed the finger-tips devotionally.

Ned Berton, at this instant entering the door behind Dolly, saw the complacent face of his rival, and his assurance in the little act of gallantry. Springing forward, he laid his hand authoritatively and possessively upon Dolly's shoulder. Mr. Hurd drew himself erect, and his inquiring stare changed to undisguised animosity as he encountered Ned's blazing eyes.

"What does this mean, Sir?" he demanded.

"It means that Miss Derwent came here to see *me*," said Ned.

"You are mistaken, Sir," answered Eustace Hurd, haughtily. "Miss Derwent came here in response to *my* solicitation."

The men's voices were loud and angry. Mrs. Derwent, who in an adjoining room awaited with fluttering anxiety the result of the interview which she believed would consummate the "brilliant match" long held in contemplation, and for which she had used all her motherly influence to inspire Dolly with a sense of its advantages, could not possibly restrain her impatience and her indignant concern at this violent interruption. She came into the library, and caught Dolly's hand to withdraw her from the hold of her youthful lover.

"Mr. Berton," she said, angrily, "how dare you infringe upon the rights of hospitality so far as to annoy my daughter?"

As she spoke she felt a strong commanding hand laid upon her shoulder; she turned, and saw her husband. Mr. Derwent, who had been pacing up and down the hall in unusual disturbance of mental equanimity, had also heard the angry voices, and had hastened into the library.

"My dear," he said to his wife, "Ned is *authorized* to do so."

"Authorized! By whom?" asked Mrs. Derwent.

"Surely, Sir," interposed Mr. Hurd, "you do not mean to repudiate your wife's responsibility in this matter? I presumed that you were *one*—presumed so not only from the admirable harmony of your lives, but from the very nature of the case. I presume that your united judgment has of course—"

"What do you mean, Sir?" said Mr. Derwent.

"What do *you* mean, father dear?" asked Mrs. Derwent, recovering herself, and pushing Dolly away, who had rushed to her father and clung confidingly to his arm. "What is the meaning of this unhappy *contre-temps*, my love?"

"Simply this," answered Mr. Derwent. "A young man, a dear boy whom I have known since he was a baby, a worthy, true-hearted fellow, I sincerely believe, the son of my college chum and my friend of a lifetime, came to me an hour ago, and pleaded his case like a rising young lawyer as he is, and a rousing warm-hearted youngster—pleaded his claims to be allowed to win Dolly. That was your expression, wasn't it, Ned?—to win Dolly?"

"Yes, Sir," said Dolly's lover, who stood apart, with his arms folded, his head erect, and his fine eyes blazing like "live coals from the altar"—perfectly majestic. So poor little Dolly, shrinking and trembling, and venturing but one glance, thought to her heart's core—thought that moment and forever.

"Very well, then," continued Mr. Derwent, "I gave my consent to Ned to go in and win her."

"And I—I—" faltered Mrs. Derwent. "This is exceedingly strange, exceedingly unfortunate. I have just given my consent to Mr. Hurd, whom

I esteem so highly—whom we both esteem so highly—to address my daughter."

Some comical side of the affair must have touched Mr. Derwent, for he laughed at this; not his bright, whole-souled laugh exactly, but just a laugh to clear his throat sufficiently to say, kindly:

"Ah, well! So I perceive we are all in trouble. Dolly, my dear, I don't see how any one but your own self can get us out of this trouble. Here are two gentlemen, both exceedingly estimable, one already approved by your mother, and one—one somewhat rather leniently regarded—The truth is, Dolly, I courted your mother when I was hardly more than a boy—a penniless boy, too—and I have never repented of my rashness; it has been my happiness and my fortune—yes, *my fortune*, young men! Two suitors, Dolly: one, I say, rather leniently—for sympathy perhaps, or for 'auld lang syne' maybe, for his father was my college chum—rather leniently regarded by your father. Both lovers of yours, my child, and I don't wonder at that, little Doll; both honorably offering you heart and hand. I see nothing now to be done except that you should choose between them."

Then every one in the room—Eustace Hurd, Mrs. Derwent, Mr. Derwent, and Ned—majestic Ned—looked straight at Dolly.

Dolly, having been pushed away from her father's sustaining arm by her mother, had dropped, wretched and half fainting, upon the sofa. But she arose now, and stood for a moment with her little hands clasped against her girlish bosom—beating, indeed, now with womanish impetuosity—and her little feet misgiving her, so that she felt herself tottering, and her face paling, paling, and her eyes downcast. And then suddenly, with a flash to cheek and lip of vital carmine, and a thrill to her finger-tips, so strong that it extended her hands cordially, and an instinct of faith that nerved her to composure and dignity and queenliness, so far as it was possible for an angel-like, child-like creature like Dolly to show queenliness, she advanced a step or two, and raised her eyes, and said, with a charming directness, in voice low-toned but so penetrating with the intensity of a youthful lifetime and the earnestness of an eternal promise that it haunted evermore those who heard it, "Ned—you have taken me—by surprise."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 19.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 26.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 30.—Ascension-Day.

The indignant denial by General John A. Dix of the charge that the corporation of Trinity Church, New York, leases much of its property for immoral purposes was hardly necessary. The denial has, however, brought out from the comptroller (General Dix) a precise statement of the value of the Trinity domain, which will be a corrective of many exaggerated reports. The number of city lots owned by Trinity Church is 750; their estimated value is $7,000,000; the revenue of the corporation in 1877 was $456,786. All the property is taxed except "the church edifices, the cemeteries, four school-houses in which free schools are kept, and an infirmary in which the sick receive gratuitous treatment." The amount of yearly tax is $100,000. The charge was made in a Boston paper that the corporation's real estate supported over 800 houses used for liquor saloons and worse purposes. To set this accusation at rest letters of inquiry were addressed to the Police and Excise Commissioners, asking for their testimony as to the facts. The reply of the Commissioners is an explicit statement that no license to sell liquor has been given to any person occupying property owned by Trinity Church, and that the records do not show any improper places supported by the real estate of that corporation.

One of those legislative outrages too common in our history has been perpetrated by the Senate and Assembly of this State. The sum of $50,000 has been appropriated, in direct violation of the State Constitution, to the Roman Catholic Protectory of this city. The constitutional amendment of 1874 says: "Neither the credit nor the money of the State shall be given or loaned to or in aid of any association, corporation, or private undertaking. This section shall not, however, prevent the Legislature from making such provision for the education and support of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and juvenile delinquents as to it may seem proper."

Our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens show much short-sightedness in asking for and accepting these illegal grants. The effect of them is invariably to deepen the conviction that the Church is bent on carrying its ends, law or no law. In its crusades against public opinion Romanism has ever been the loser. The assaults upon the public schools have led to the adoption of the anti-sectarian constitutional amendments. Others will follow, such as the one in relation to free schools now pending before the Legislature of New York, and will be enforced by the courts.

The churches of Columbus, Ohio, having proved too small to accommodate the crowds attending the preaching of Mr. E. P. Hammond, a tent large enough to hold 3000 persons has been set up.

Beautiful and appropriate were the words with which the venerable Dr. Stephen H. Tyng closed on Sunday, April 28, his ministry of thirty-three years as rector of St. George's Church. It was at the same time the close of a ministry of more than half a century's duration. "It has been my desire," he said, "to be in all things a simple-minded preacher of the Gospel, and I have tried through all these years to impress upon your minds the single duty of repentance toward God, and hope and reliance in the saving power of Christ. I have endeavored to fill the high trust reposed in me during the many years of my pastorate with godly sincerity, and have no fault to find with the attitude of my parishioners toward me. They have always responded generously to every good work." Dr. Tyng concluded by urging his people to continue steadfast in the faith which he had so long preached to them. He retired from the pulpit leaning for support on the arm of one of his parishioners. It is a great felicity to have one's sun set without a cloud, to retire from one's work in the fullness of years, content with what has been done, and content, too, with the co-operation long and freely given. This felicity Dr. Tyng enjoys.

"Among other delightful features of the International Convention," says the editor of the *Sunday-school Times*, "was the warmth of greeting given to its members by the citizens of the South, not only at Atlanta, but along the various routes by which the delegates came from the North." In assigning the delegates their places in the Convention, "Massachusetts was wedged between Maryland and Mississippi," and South Carolina was next to Vermont. The vote for the continuance of the International Lessons during the ensuing seven years was unanimous. The number of Sunday-schools in the United States was reported to be 77,793; of teachers and officers, 853,100; of scholars, 6,504,054—making the total of teachers and scholars 7,357,154.

The Christian socialist movement in Germany, which is designed to combat democratic or communistic socialism, has now received the support of all the Protestant clergy of Berlin. The plan of operations, which has already been briefly noticed in this Intelligence, shows German thoroughness, but is withal complex. Its characteristic feature is state control. First come trade guilds (technical bodies, is the exact term), which will displace the private guilds; then follow courts of arbitration, widows' and orphans' funds, obligation of the guilds for the performance of the contracts of the individual members, prohibition of Sunday labor, abolition of the work of children and married women in factories, a fixed duration of the working day, protection of the working population against unhealthy workshops and dwellings, and much more besides. The state, according to this plan, will undertake to secure for the working classes the advantages which the socialists offer them, but will try to infuse into socialism a Christian spirit.

Father Hyacinthe will have a hearing in Paris during the Exposition under most propitious circumstances. The present republican government is very friendly to him. He has been offered the great hall of the Exposition for the delivery of discourses during the months of May and June. He will speak to such audiences as he used to address when he was the famous preacher of Notre Dame.

One of the features of the annual meeting of the alumni of Princeton Theological Seminary was the reading of papers on the methods of theological education in Europe. The systems pursued among the Presbyterians of Great Britain and Ireland, Wales, France, and Switzerland were passed in review. Germany was represented by the Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, of Poughkeepsie; the English and Irish schools were described by Dr. Watts, of Belfast, who is a graduate of the Princeton Seminary. We need in this country such comparative study. If we can combine the culture of the Old World with the practical vigor of the New, we may hope to produce a ministry of the very best type.

Americans are charged with carrying to an extreme length the observances by which they testify respect for the dead, but that extreme is better than the other of a savage interference with burial rites. At the funeral of the Earl of Leitrim, in Dublin, a mob hustled the mourners, and drove them back from the church-yard gates, stopped the hearse, threatened to pull out the coffin from it, cheered, yelled, and hissed while the burial service was read, and almost succeeded in preventing the interment of the dead. The coffin was placed in the grave under the protection of a large force of constables. The subject was carried into Parliament, where the excitement attending the funeral was renewed. Reporters were excluded, and in the private session of the House of Commons the most unparliamentary criminations were indulged in.

The most widely circulated of English religious newspapers, the *Christian World*, has recently completed its twenty-first year. It is sold for a penny, and is wholly undenominational. Its digests of news are carefully made; while free, as some would say, to latitudinarianism, in its doctrinal sympathies, it is reckoned as belonging to the evangelical school. Its circulation has reached the enormous number of 125,000 copies weekly. Several subsidiary papers are issued from its office, all of them cheap and popular.

The late Bishop Selwyn, of the diocese of Lichfield, England, was a man who will take rank among the great missionaries of the modern Christian Church. In 1842, when he had already gained distinction as a scholar, and had before him the prospect of high preferment at home, he accepted the appointment of Bishop of New Zealand and Melanesia. Here he spent twelve years, winning to the acceptance of Christian customs some of the worst savages of the world. "It was he," says the London *Guardian*, "who laid down the chart of unknown waters, landed on untried shores, and with consummate tact made strangers, unable to speak a word of his language, his loyal friends. Able to navigate his ship without help of pilot or master, and skillful to direct the industry as well as to cultivate the moral nature of his motley scholars, he showed himself a pioneer of civilization, while he was, above all, a preacher of the Gospel of Christ." Such bishops are rare in any Church.

Mr. Moody continues to carry on his Tabernacle meetings in New Haven with great vigor, and has enlisted the co-operation of Messrs. Pentecost and Stebbins, who have closed a long series of revival services in Middletown, Connecticut. During the last week of April Dr. W. M. Taylor was announced to preach twice in New Haven. A most interesting occasion was an interview of Mr. Moody with the students of the Yale Divinity School, at which full liberty was given to ask him questions. One of his advices deserves quotation: "Bury all stiffness, to begin with. If you get up behind a desk where the people can only see your beard, and give out a long hymn, and then take a passage and expound, and expound, and expound, you can talk the life out of a meeting."

The papal allocution establishing the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland was publicly burned a few days since on the Green of Glasgow. The crowds present, though great, were kept under restraint by a large force of policemen. On the following night an outbreak occurred on the Green during the delivery of an anti-Catholic lecture; many persons were hurt, and some arrests were made by the police.

It becomes evident that the Congregationalists of England, at their meeting this month, will wholly reject the propositions adopted last autumn by the Leicester Conference. The statement made by the liberal ministers at Leicester was that "spiritual life is independent of creed, of doctrine, of metaphysical and theological dogmas." All creeds, therefore, except those which have respect to conduct, are non-essential. These declarations have led to a warm discussion among English Nonconformists. The committee of the Congregational Union for England and Wales has lately passed, and will recommend for adoption by the assembly, two resolutions. The first declares that the primary object of the Union is "to hold and extend evangelical religion;" the second, that the creed deemed essential by the Congregational Churches as a condition of religious communion includes the doctrines of "the incarnation and atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, His resurrection, ascension, and mediatorial reign, and the work of the Holy Spirit in the renewal of men." No doubt is entertained of the adoption of these resolutions by the Congregational Assembly.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Fall River, the great cotton-spinning centre of America, will long feel the shock caused by the extensive defalcations of the treasurers of the Union, Border City, and Sagamore mills. This New England town has always prided itself upon its commercial honor and integrity, and developments of systematic plundering by men who had been trusted was a severe blow. The first cotton mill was built in Fall River in 1813, and had 896 spindles. There were at this time something like 200 inhabitants in the little town, and the growth of the place was very slow afterward. But in 1840 there were eight mills, with 32,084 spindles, and the population had increased to about 6700. In 1870 there were eighteen factories, 544,606 spindles, and over 27,000 inhabitants. At the time when the recent defalcations were discovered, in April, the mills in Fall River, about forty in number, had something like 33,000 looms, 1,400,000 spindles, and produced annually 377,000,000 yards of cloth. Not far from 16,000 operatives were employed, and the annual pay-roll amounted to nearly $5,000,000. It is evident that disturbances and interruptions of any kind in such an important manufacturing town must be widely felt throughout the country. In due time the busy life of Fall River will be resumed, and her business men will have learned a lesson for future time.

An experiment in educating some Indian youths is to be made by General Samuel C. Armstrong, of the Hampton Normal Institute. About sixty representatives of various Indian tribes surrendered to Major Schofield some three or four years ago, and have since been held as prisoners by the United States at St. Augustine, Florida. These are now to be restored to their several tribes with the exception of twenty, fifteen of whom desire to be educated at Hampton Academy, and five are to be educated by private persons at Syracuse, in this State. They already evince remarkable aptitude, and after three years' instruction they will return to their respective tribes as missionaries of civilization.

The man who first had his goods in order and ready for the Paris Exhibition opening was a Mr. Adams, in the English Department. The authorities have given him the compliment of a banquet for his promptness.

At the City Hospital in Baltimore there is a patient suffering with a disease which the surgeons in charge pronounce a decided case of leprosy. The disease is not regarded as contagious or infectious, but of course it is expected that it will certainly prove fatal.

The Columbia College crew which is to compete in the international regatta at Henley, England, recently went into training on the Harlem River. They are all young men, the oldest being twenty-eight and the youngest twenty years of age. The crew will continue in practice here until May 20, and will sail for Europe on May 23.

Improvements have been made recently in the telegraphic arrangements for receiving and transmitting alarms of fire. It has been the constant aim of the Fire Department to diminish the time between the discovery of the fire and the arrival of the engines at the scene of conflagration. To give the reader an idea of the perfection of present arrangements, we quote a paragraph from the New York *Tribune*, which gives a graphic picture: "From ten to fifteen seconds is all the time now required by a New York fire-company in its preparations to leave the engine-house after an alarm is sounded. In that time the horses rush out of their stalls to their places in front of the engine; the firemen run down stairs, putting on their fire suits as they go; there is a clashing of harness springs, and the driver mounts to his seat and shouts 'Ready!'"

In Providence, Rhode Island, a Charity Building has been established for the purpose of abolishing begging from door to door. Destitute women will be fed and lodged there one day and one night without charge. Tramps will be lodged at the station-house, and will be given in the morning a light repast at the Charity Building, after which they will be required to saw wood for three hours, and will then receive a hearty meal. They can then go, or they may remain and have their board and lodging as long as they care to work upon these terms.

An apparatus has been constructed for the illumination by electric light of a large carpet mill in Philadelphia. It consists of a Brush dynamo-electric machine of 12,000 candle-power, arranged to give four separate currents, each running an electric lamp of 3000 candle-power. This light was recently tested, and it was found to be not only most brilliant, flooding the rooms with a pure white light like the sun, but also to be uniform and steady. Colors were brought out with wonderful clearness. According to estimates made, the expense of such a light would be very much less than gas.

A railroad from Farmington, Maine, to Rangeley Lakes is now under discussion. As Rangeley is a favorite summer resort, especially for fishermen, such a road would be exceedingly popular and well patronized during "the season."

Residents in some sections of New York are making a most earnest protest against the continuance of bone-boiling, fat-melting, or any similar establishments by which the atmosphere is filled with noxious odors. They contend, and with good reason, that whatever is both disagreeable and nauseating is also unwholesome, and should be regarded as a nuisance, and no longer tolerated.

The African emigrants who sailed from Charleston, South Carolina, in the *Azor*, after their arrival at Monrovia, the capital of the Liberian Republic, expect to go to Bopora, where there is a settlement founded by Saul Hill, a colored man who left Charleston in 1866. He has been very successful, and is now the owner of a fine plantation, with an annual income of not less than $3000 from this alone. He has also a large coffee grove of 9000 trees. The people in his settlement are doing well, and he has acquired a great influence over them.

Some time in 1876 a female anaconda was torn from her home in South America and transferred to the London Zoological Gardens. Whether the ocean voyage seriously impaired her health, or whether she was homesick, is uncertain; but after being consigned to her English abode she utterly refused to take any thing to eat. Dainties which naturally would be most attractive to her were offered in vain. Apparently she was resolved to starve. A short time ago she surprised her keeper by swallowing an unfortunate duck, and so, after a fast of over a year, her appetite appears to have suddenly returned.

A "Whittling School" has been opened in Boston, with the design of familiarizing boys with the use of tools. There are between thirty and forty pupils, and more applicants than can be accommodated. The tuition is free, and practical wood-cutters are engaged to give instruction. The course includes twenty-four lessons, and is only designed to direct the talents of natural "whittlers"—not to make finished workmen.

Heirs are wanted to $1,200,000, the estate of Joseph L. Lewis, the deceased Hoboken millionaire, who bequeathed his fortune to the United States government. Three contestants to the will have appeared, and now the lawyers desire to find others. Such calls are usually successful in discovering the most hidden recluse, and the United States can scarcely expect to receive the bequeathed property.

"The Gladiators," a colossal group in bronze, by Gérôme, is about to be exhibited by him, and it is rumored that Paris will purchase it for one of its squares.

Twelve large paintings have been sent to the Exhibition by M. Bouguereau.

A somewhat novel charity has been proposed in Paris. The suggestion made is to organize a society for collecting and repairing old and broken articles no longer useful to their owners—old clothes, books, toys, furniture, etc. These are to be repaired, and then given to the poor, or sold at a very low price. Doubtless there is room in New York for such a charity. Numerous articles are thrown away, especially about the 1st of May, which, being mended, might serve an excellent purpose in humble households.

It appears that the fishes and other creatures in the Aquarium are enjoying a short season of opera. "Music hath power to charm," etc. No doubt they will improve their opportunities for musical culture.

There is a large traffic going on in the sale of copies of valuable paintings as originals. The London *Athenæum* suggests that a government stamp of identification be affixed to original works, which would render counterfeits easy of detection.

One of the most simple and convenient of life-saving apparatus is a French invention. It is a mattress formed of two rows of blocks of cork cuttings, tightly compressed by machinery within a water-proof case, and covered with canvas. Placed on the berth or cot, it makes an easy and elastic bed. Its weight is about six pounds, and it is so constructed that it can be quickly put about the person, forming a double belt, so attached that it can not be displaced by the winds or waves.

The Eddystone Light-house, near Plymouth, England, will probably be rebuilt. In order to make the unmarked approaches to Plymouth safe, it has been estimated by competent engineers that it would be necessary to remove something like 2,000,000 tons of rock. The expense of doing this would be so great that it is thought it will be wiser to rebuild the light-house than to remove the rocks.

A Southern paper, in picturing a court-room scene, says, "The judge leaned back in his chair, shut his eyes to keep his ideas from getting out, and thought profoundly upon the question at issue."

The *Court Journal* discourses at some length upon the apple, mentioning in particular that it is the favorite fruit of the Parisians, and greatly venerated by the common people, to whom it does so much service in its numerous varieties. "There is the Pomme d'Api, the little beauty which seems to invite pearly teeth to nibble its delicate pulp; the Reinette, sweet and refreshing; the perfumed Canada; the aristocratic Royale; the Fenouillet, in her green or golden robe; Calville, whose rosy tints recall the maiden's blush; the Pomme Figue, without pips; and lastly, the Pomme Amère, the cider apple of Normandy. For those whose stomachs refuse the unsophisticated fruit it is prepared in a thousand ways—in jelly, in *compote*, in marmalade, in *meringue*, with rice, *au beurre*, and in the *gourmet* form of delicious *beignets*. The apple is the delight of the work-girl, who loves it baked in a golden crust, when it is called a *chausson*." The sale of apples is regulated in Paris by special rules. Till the beginning of June the apple market will be held by the Bridge of Arcole, and there visitors to Paris may see the pyramids of golden and perfumed fruit which the provinces send for the satisfaction of Paris.

OUR NEIGHBOR'S CHILDREN.

THE GATHERED ROSE.

Only a rose-bud sweet and fair,
  Down by the road-side growing,
Of other flowers, rich and rare
  And cultured, little knowing;
Content its blushing face to hide
  'Mong its own leaves, when straying
Bees came wandering side by side
  With zephyrs idly playing.

The rose-bud blossomed out at last
  Into the perfect flower,
And, plucked by one who sauntered past
  Ere it had bloomed an hour,
Was tossed ere long aside, poor thing,
  Which sweeter grew when dying,
And left, all crushed and withering,
  Upon the road-side lying.

You understand, you say, with scorn,
  While listening to my story?
You know which rose, one summer morn,
  You robbed of all its glory?
Ah, man, the heart you cast away
  When so it served your pleasure,
My own for many and many a day
  Had worshipped without measure.

She knew it not. I was not worth
  The love you held so lightly;
But I could lift her from the earth,
  The flower once blooming brightly—
The rose you threw away—ah yes!—
  Again to toy with—never!
But mine, to worship and to bless,
  To keep and hold forever.

THE COMING MAN.

LETTER VI.

CHILDREN SHOULD BE EITHER-HANDED.

To make children as either-handed as our Creator intended, first fix the word "either-handed" in the minds of the whole household, and never let a day pass without using it aloud to denote the only perfect child. Next impress the word "lop-handed," applying it equally to the mere right-handed child and to the mere left-handed child, and declare them both to be equally imperfect, and on the road to deformity. Language, that great instrument of truth or falsehood, being thus cleared, I offer a few crude but practical hints. Infants are overhandled. Their live pets pine before our eyes from that very cause, and it is a caution. More floor and less lap; more safety-chair, with both arms free, and less hugging, cuddling, and carrying, with one little arm crippled against a nurse's body. Children *must* be carried *out-of-doors* for air, but even there the nurse must carry them an equal time on each arm. It is necessary to her own body, and to the child it is vital. Nothing will require more parental vigilance and determination than this. Carrying for an hour on one arm and five minutes on the other makes the nurse lop-sided and the infant lop-handed. In his chair, or so placed under a watchful eye that both arms are free, bring pretty things opposite his hands, and never let him stretch out either hand across his body. Teach him to throw things down with either hand alternately, and by-and-by with both hands at the same time. Let him be a quadruped and a suckling rather longer than usual, not shorter. When those tender limbs will bear the erect body without the injury a parent's loving impatience has sometimes caused, let him toddle, not to any body's apron, but to a horizontal bar held across for him, and teach him to seize it with both hands exactly at the same time. Throwing is a great matter in itself, and the road to efficient striking, which is a great part of labor, sport, and war. Throwing with either hand can not be commenced too soon nor followed up too diligently. Taking these few hints as the mere basis of a system, those affectionate and intelligent parents who have written to me will very soon expand the matter and go beyond their counsellor in their training of infants.

I now make a jump, and go to children. When it comes to reading, writing, and sewing, the centre of the paper or book should be opposite to the nose; indeed, all objects should be so looked at to make the sight even and correct. A little girl in threading her needle should hold it well out, opposite her nose, and thread it sometimes with one hand, sometimes with the other, and should use needle or scissors with either hand; also throw and catch balls and play battledoor with either hand. Have no mercy on her if she plays her bass notes inaccurately, or thumps them and only plays the treble. Writing should be taught thus: the centre of the paper opposite the writer's nose, the letters exactly vertical—the slope being a mere disease to which we owe illegibility. The writing should always be from left to right, because we write for readers, not for ourselves; but it should be done with either hand. Short-hand writing ditto. I advise parents to have their boys and girls taught short-hand writing and type-writing. Few adults have patience to learn type-writing, but perhaps a boy or girl would find it as easy as hand-writing. A short-hand writer who could type-write his notes would be safer from poverty than a great Greek scholar. Boys and girls should all be taught to swim three times earlier than they ever are. Many a life has been literally thrown away for want of this easy accomplishment, that can be learned in a week; and it is an either-handed practice invaluable to the growing body. So is rowing, especially with sculls. At present the most either-handed game is "fives." It can be played in almost any court-yard by making the pavement smooth. But, as the hand drives a ball feebly, racket bats must be substituted, with the handle reduced to four inches. The game thus played, which I suppose is much the same as hand-ball in Ireland, would be invaluable, and could be played by girls as well as boys, which "fives" can hardly be; it would be too hard upon a girl's hand. At cricket I advise fielding with either hand, batting right-handed, and bowling left-handed. It would be an abuse of a good thing to bat either-handed and bowl either-handed; this would entail waste of time and loss of skill. As to throwing either-handed, every sea-beach with shingles is a natural gymnasium. The boy of seven or eight should be trained to stoop, raise with his left a pebble the sea has smoothed for him, advance his right foot, and throw with his left, at some mark, the body erect and graceful, the right foot well advanced. He should then stoop again, raise a pebble, advance the left foot freely, and throw with the right, and so on in rotation. This is invaluable practice, especially if the instructor insists on a graceful, easy, and ardent carriage of the body in the act of throwing. Use hammer, hatchet, gauge, saw, foil, and single-stick with either hand. Do not let your son squint down the barrel of a gun or rifle because the government orders it. It is needless, fatal to even sight, and governments are often very ignorant. Should any inequality appear in the legs, practice digging, hopping, and kicking foot-ball, with the inferior limb only, for a while; but the best practice of all, perhaps, is to stand on each leg in turn, and swing the other as high as possible both forward and backward; this will soon reveal any deficiency that exists, and, if persisted in, will do wonders to cure it. Never let stays in any form come near a growing girl. It is a wicked action. Hang her petticoats by braces, as a boy does his trousers.

I offer these crude hints to parents as a friend, not an oracle. I am sure of the general truth; but as to the best mode of applying it, why, we are all groping our way out of heathen darkness six thousand years old. We must put our heads together: and my great hope of helping parents in this great benefit to their offspring and to mankind lies in this—that I am willing to be a medium of communication between one parent and another. Their love and their intelligence will, I dare say, soon make me their pupil, whom, at first starting, they have been pleased to accept as a teacher.

Charles Reade.

19 Albert Gate, Knightsbridge.

THE IMPULSIVE LADY OF CROOME CASTLE.

By THOMAS HARDY.

II.

Three days after the parting, Alwyn, his soft, handsome features stamped with a haggard hardness that ten years of ordinary wear and tear could scarcely have produced, sailed from Plymouth on a drizzling morning in the passenger ship *Western Glory*. When the land had faded behind him, and as he gazed day by day upon the murmuring stretch of waters around, he mechanically endeavored to school himself into a stoical frame of mind. He made rules of conduct for reducing to gentle proportions the passionate regrets which consumed him, fixing his thoughts for so many hours a day on philosophical passages in the volumes he had brought with him, and allowing himself now and then a few minutes' thought of Emmeline, with the strict yet regretful niggardliness of an ailing epicure proportioning the rank drinks that cause his malady. After a voyage marked by the usual incidents of a sailing passage in those days—a storm, a calm, a man overboard, a birth, a funeral—he arrived at Boston early in the month following. Thence he proceeded to Providence to seek out a distant relative; but after a short stay there he returned to Boston, and by applying himself to a serious occupation made some progress in shaking off the deadly melancholy which enveloped him even now. Distracted and weakened in his beliefs by his recent experiences, he felt that he could no longer worthily fill the office of a minister of religion, and applied, in the first place, for the mastership of a school. Some introductions given him were useful now, and becoming known as a respectable scholar and gentleman to the trustees of one of the colleges, he was ultimately installed therein as Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory.

Here and thus he lived on, exerting himself solely from a conscientious determination to do his duty, passing his winter evenings in turning sonnets and elegies, and his summer leisure in watching the lengthening shadows from his window; or, if he walked, in thinking which quarter was east, of two thousand miles of water that way, and of what was beyond it; in a word, at all times dreaming of her who was only a memory to him, and would probably never be more.

Nine years passed by, and Alwyn Hill's face lost a great many of the attractive characteristics which had formerly distinguished it. He was kind to his pupils, and affable to all who came in contact with him, but the kernel of his life, his secret, was kept as snugly shut up as if he had been dumb. One day at this time, when cursorily glancing over an old English newspaper, he observed a paragraph which, short as it was, contained for him whole tomes of thrilling information—rung with more passion-stirring rhythm than the collected cantos of many poets. It was an announcement of the death of Sir Byng Saxelbye, of Croome Castle, leaving behind him a widow, but no children.

The current of Alwyn's thoughts now completely changed. He could no longer bind himself down to machine-made synecdoche, antithesis, and climax, being full of spontaneous specimens of all these rhetorical forms which he dared not utter. His mind luxuriated in dreams of a sweet possibility now laid open for the first time these many years; for Emmeline was to him now as ever the one dear thing in all the world. The issue of his silent romancing was that he resolved to return to her at the very earliest moment.

The baronet had already been dead five months when the news was lighted on by Alwyn. He could not abandon his professional work on the instant, and did not really get free till six months later, suffering throes of impatience continually, but he said to himself every day, "If she has continued to love me nine years, she will love me ten, and she will think the more tenderly of me when her present hours of solitude shall have done their proper work."

He returned to England at the end of the enforced interval, and arrived at the village of Croome on a certain winter day between twelve and thirteen months subsequent to the time of Sir Byng's death.

It was evening; yet such was Alwyn's impatience that he could not forbear taking this very night one look at the castle which Emmeline had entered as unhappy mistress ten years before. He threaded the park trees, gazed in passing at well-known outlines which rose against the dim sky, and was soon interested in observing that lively country people in twos and threes were walking before and behind him up the interlaced avenue to the castle. Knowing himself to be safe from recognition, Alwyn inquired of one of these pedestrians what was going on.

"Lady Saxelbye gives her tenantry a ball to-night, to keep up the old custom of Sir Byng and his father before him, which she doesn't wish to change."

"Has she lived here entirely alone since Sir Byng's death?"

"Quite alone."

On reaching the castle Alwyn found that the great gates at the tradesmen's entrance were thrown back against the wall as if they were never to be closed again, and the passages and rooms in that wing were brilliantly lighted up, some of the numerous candles guttering down over the green leaves which decorated them, and upon the silk dresses of the happy farmers' wives as they passed beneath, each on her husband's arm. Alwyn found no difficulty in marching in with the rest, the castle being Liberty Hall to-night, and he stood unobserved in a corner of the large apartment where dancing was about to begin.

"My lady, though hardly out of mourning, will be sure to come down and lead off the dance with Neighbor Bates," said one.

"Who is Neighbor Bates?" said Alwyn.

"An old man she respects much—the oldest of her tenant farmers: seventy-eight his last birthday."

"Ah—to be sure," said Alwyn, at his ease; "I remember."

The dancers formed and waited. A door opened at the further end of the hall, and a lady in black silk came forth. She bowed, smiled, and proceeded to the top of the dance.

"What's the matter?" said a by-stander to Alwyn. Alwyn had retired, and was supporting himself against the wall.

"Who—is that—lady?" he gasped, in a deep despair.

"Lady Saxelbye."

"She is not the Lady Saxelbye—who used to—"

The music struck up, the dance went on, and Alwyn's neighbor became so interested in watching the movements of this Lady Saxelbye through its mazes as to desert Alwyn for a while.

"How came that person to be Lady Saxelbye?" he asked, when he could command himself. "Where is the other Lady Saxelbye?"

"Oh, she ran away years ago with the young curate, you know."

"No! no!—she never did. What do you mean by that?" he cried.

"Yes, she did. She met him in the shrubbery about a couple of months after her marriage with Sir Byng, and sailed from Plymouth with him a day or two afterward."

"That's not true."

"Then 'tis the queerest lie ever told by man. Her father believed and knew to his dying day that she went with him, and so did Sir Byng, and every body about here. Ay, there was a fine upset about it at the time. Sir Byng traced her to Plymouth, and set on his spies, and they found that she went to the shipping office and inquired if Mr. Alwyn Hill had entered his name as a passenger by the *Western Glory*, and when she found that he had, she booked herself for the same ship, but not in her real name. When the vessel had sailed, a letter reached Sir Byng from her, telling him what she had done. She never came back here again. Sir Byng lived by himself more than seven years, and married this lady only twelve months before he died."

The next day Alwyn, unmanned as he was, called on the spurious Lady Saxelbye. At first she was alarmed; then cold; then she was won over by his condition to give confidence for confidence. She showed him a letter which was found among the papers of the late baronet. It was from Emmeline, and briefly stated that she had emigrated to America in the *Western Glory*.

Alwyn applied himself body and mind to unravel the remainder of the mystery. The story was always the same: "She ran away with the curate." A strangely circumstantial piece of intelligence was added to this when he had pushed his inquiries a little further. There was given him the name of a waterman at Plymouth, who had come forward at the time that she was missed and sought for by her husband, and had stated that he put her on board the *Western Glory* at dusk one evening before that vessel sailed.

After several days of search about the alleys and quays of Plymouth Barbican, during which these impossible words, "She ran off with the curate," became branded on his brain, Alwyn found this waterman. He was positive as to the truth of his story, describing in detail the lady's dress, as he had long ago described it to her husband, which corresponded in every particular with that worn by Emmeline on the evening of their parting.

Before proceeding to the other side of the Atlantic to continue his inquiries there, the puzzled and distracted Alwyn set himself to ascertain the address of Captain Wheeler, who had commanded the *Western Glory* in the year of Alwyn's voyage out, and immediately wrote a letter to him on the subject.

The only circumstances which the sailor could recollect or discover from his papers in connection with such a story were that a woman bearing the name which Alwyn had mentioned as fictitious certainly did come aboard for a voyage he made about that time; that she was only a steerage passenger; that she died on the voyage out at about five days' sail from Plymouth; that she was by breeding a lady; and why she had not applied for a saloon passage they could not guess, for though she had no money in her pocket, she had that about her which would have fetched it. "We buried her at sea," continued the captain. "A young parson, one of the passengers, read the burial service over her, I remember well."

The whole scene and proceedings darted upon Alwyn's recollection in a moment. It was a fine breezy morning on that long-past voyage out, and he had been told that they were running at the rate of a hundred and eighty miles a day. The news went round that one of the poor young women in the other part of the vessel was ill of fever, and delirious. The tidings caused no little alarm among all the passengers, for the sanitary conditions of the ship were any thing but satisfactory. Shortly after this the doctor announced that she had died. Then Alwyn had learned that she was laid out for burial, none of the passengers being allowed to see her, by reason of the danger that would have been incurred. And next the funeral scene rose before him, and the prominent part that he had taken in that solemn ceremony. The captain had come to him, requesting him to officiate, as there was no chaplain on board, which he agreed to do; and as the sun went down with a blaze in his face he read amidst them all assembled: "We therefore commit her body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body when the sea shall give up her dead."

The captain subjoined the addresses of the ship's matron and of other persons, to whom Alwyn went in the course of time. A categorical description of the clothes of the dead truant, the color of her hair, and other things, extinguished forever all hope of a mistake in identity; and from this it appeared that Emmeline, when he left her that evening, must have followed at his heels like a pet dog that will not be driven back, and have embarked without waiting to make a single preparation for the journey, intending, doubtless, to make her presence known to him as soon as she could muster courage to do so.

Alwyn soon left England, never to return; but previous to his departure he confided his story to an old friend from his native town, where this romance of his sombre life is now often told.

THE END.

GREEN'S HISTORY OF A PEOPLE.*

The history of the English people is the history of our own, of English castes and factions a very different thing; and hence, when Mr. Green offers us a picture of the popular progress of our ancestors—of their savage origin, their slow advance to humanity, their religious, civil, and moral tendencies—he strikes upon that common chord of sympathy that must ever bind together the various members of the Saxon family. Nothing can be more interesting than the retrospect that opens a new and clearer view of the manners of the early English. They lived in the low lands on the Prussian coast, in Denmark, or on the shores of Holland, when those countries were covered with forests, or bare and sandy plains. In their gloomy, desolate land the Saxons were outlaws and freebooters; their chief employment was to rob the Roman settler and ravage the British shores. In great fleets of boats that seem to have been scarcely fit for the navigation of rivers they ventured upon the dangerous German Sea, crossed or skirted the English Channel, and plundered the helpless people. England was then a Roman colony, almost an independent state; it was covered with a chain of fine cities, where the Latin language was spoken, where the Roman law was taught and practiced, and where all the arts of civilized life were cultivated, all the refinements of luxury employed, as if each city were a new Rome. The number and rare value of the Roman remains in England are wonderful. The museums are crowded with these traits of a wholly Italian civilization. London was another Pompeii. In the fourth century its walls were strongly built of brick, and guarded by tall towers; their fragments are yet to be seen. It was a Christian city, and its evangelical clergy no doubt prosecuted their missions among the Britons, and may have ventured to Ireland before St. Patrick. The Thames was filled with ships, and the merchants of London were already famous for their enterprise and wealth. Deep down below the surface of the present city may be seen the proofs of their opulence and toil. Another Pompeii or Herculaneum lies hidden in the sand and gravel of modern London. Here are sometimes found the traces of fine houses, built in the Italian style, with floors covered with the rarest mosaics, walls frescoed with flowers and figures that surpass the skill of the modern decorator. Sometimes a casket of jewels is discovered; we survey the ornaments worn by the Roman women at assemblies and balls, the rings of the officials, the staves, shoes, even portions of the ancient dress. In one instance the bones of a woman's arm are

* *History of the English People.* By John Richard Green, M.A., author of *A Short History of the English People, Stray Studies from England and Italy.* In Five Volumes. Vols. I. and II. now ready. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

found clasped by a triple bracelet of richly wrought gold.

London was joined by fine roads paved with stone to various other cities not much less populous and wealthy than itself. York was a great capital, the seat of fine schools and colleges; Winchester, Lincoln, Caerleon, and many other towns are remembered. The Celts had submitted peaceably to the Romans; the Roman legions were the guardians of the country, and their faithful soldiers lived with their wives and families from generation to generation in the same place. Trade flourished; the land was cultivated, no doubt, by Roman farmers; the immense collections of earthenware jars and vases that fill the museums show that they were either manufactured or imported in large quantities. No remains of Roman basilicas or churches, I believe, have been found in London, but their existence is noticed under CONSTANTIUS. The great Roman roads from the Channel to the Grampian Hills, from London to Wales, may yet be traced; vast Roman embankments still restrain the waters of the Thames. The rich and populous country offered a tempting prize to the sea-robbers of the Continent. Its conquest, the slow but sure progress of the Saxons, the total extirpation of the Celts and Romans, the fall of the great cities, the desolation of the land, the rise of a new nation, is one of the most terrible, one of the most important, narratives of history.

Our savage ancestors spared neither men, women, nor children. They were pagans landing in the midst of a Christian country, barbarians who revelled in bloodshed. Cruel rites, horrible superstitions, drunkenness, the fury of wild beasts, marked their progress; they seemed to enter England only to destroy it. The Britons were mild, gentle, industrious, wealthy; the Roman ruling class polished, intelligent, successful in government and arms. For three centuries—a period longer than has elapsed since the landing of the Pilgrims—the island had flourished in unusual prosperity. But the Roman legions retreat, the Picts cover all England with their ravages. The Britons, sunk in luxury, had lost the martial impulse; they invite to their aid the Saxons, with whom they had no doubt long been familiar in war or trade; HENGIST lands at Ebbsfleet. Never was there a more memorable event. The small body of barbarous Jutes who followed HENGIST laid the foundation of a new people. Swarms of Saxons and Angles followed them, and the Anglo-Saxon family began its progress from the day when the first swift war boats from Jutland touched the English coast. The landing of the Pilgrims founded only a new colony, that of the Jutes, a new race and people. Our ancestors, horrible, brutal, pagan, were to be the creators of a wide, prolific family of nations that holds under its control today Great Britain, nearly all North America, all Australia, India, and part of Burmah; islands, fortresses, territories, in every sea; the rulers of the ocean, the leaders of commerce, the wealthiest, the freest, the most cultivated of races; whose bards are TENNYSON, BRYANT, LONGFELLOW; whose historians, philosophers, and men of thought are the guides of civilization, the teachers of Christian humanity, the modest followers of knowledge. Such are the descendants of the brutal HENGIST and his barbarous horde!

To the Britons, classic, Christian, cultivated, the Saxons seemed as horrible as a band of Sioux to the Western settler. A series of fearful massacres and defeats told them what they must expect from the invader. Little could they see in the companions of HENGIST and ÆLLA the ancestors of a civilized race, the progenitors of a GLADSTONE and a BRIGHT. But with adversity their ancient courage revived. Unlike the degenerate Italians and Gauls, the Britons made a fierce but useless resistance. Two centuries passed before the larger part of the island had fallen. Often their heroism was rewarded with apparent success. ARTHUR in many a conflict drove back the pagans, and priests and monks sang their songs of triumph over the followers of Thor and Woden. But the pagan forces still advanced over the ruins of cities and the waste of cultivated fields. Monasteries, churches, villas, encampments, fell before them. It is believed that the Britons and the Romans were wholly extirpated from the land they had ruled and cultivated; that Lincoln, Winchester, York, and even London were deserted by their ancient inhabitants. The gentle Britons, it is supposed, hid among the mountains of Wales and Cornwall, forgot gradually their early civilization, even their religion, and were transformed into barbarians. Meanwhile the pagan Saxons, worshippers of Odin, occupied the land whence they had expelled a nation. The appearance of England in the sixth century was certainly a remarkable spectacle. Its old inhabitants had fled or were buried in the ruins of their country. The fine cities, rich with the latest creations of Latin art, were become new Pompeiis, overwhelmed in a civil convulsion. Their houses, basilicas, forums, were deserted and half ruined. Some, like Uriconium, had perished by fire. Some stood bare and solitary on their ancient sites, visited only by the curious savages, tenanted only by some homeless beggars. The Roman camps, once teeming with the faithful legionaries, were now abandoned to wild beasts and a slow decay. The Roman roads, once filled with merchants and traders, were trodden by a few robbers. The worship of Thor had succeeded the Christian ritual; to the Roman law, the rule of brutal force; to literature, colleges, schools of science, libraries, lecture-rooms, the utter ignorance of the German barbarians.

The formation of a new people out of these wild settlers is the theme of Mr. GREEN's history. He has succeeded in producing a clear and instructive, a remarkable, picture. The Saxons become tillers of the ground; they revive the wealth of the country. In their native land of Sleswick they had practiced agriculture, lived in villages, had their town-meetings, their rustic Parliaments, their savage laws, their rude notion of right and wrong. These they transplant to England. The race multiplies in the fertile island; their slaves, retainers, thanes, gather around the Saxon earls; the Saxon kings contend with each other for power; a part of the people are converted to Christianity; a religious war rages between the pagan and Christian races; and at last the whole country obeys a Saxon and Christian king. Rome extends its power over the rising people, and once more the language and the arts of Italy become familiar to the new inhabitants of England. The mystery of the Saxon conquest can not as yet be wholly dissipated. It may yet be doubted whether all the earlier population was expelled, whether the Saxons, like the Goths and the Burgundians, did not receive some instruction from the ancient inhabitants. It is still possible that the British and Roman element in the population of England may be larger than modern inquirers are willing to allow. Lincoln, London, York, Winchester, sprang from their ruins, and preserved the traces of their ancient greatness with their names.

Mr. GREEN's history will open a new epoch in his art, and no annals can hereafter neglect the story of the people. We have grown weary in the nineteenth century of the endless histories of intolerable kings. Even NAPOLEON has lost his interest. We leave him gladly to perish or fly at Moscow, while we observe the fearful results of his policy at home. It is from the study of republicanism that histories will in future gain their value. We want a TACITUS and THUCYDIDES rather than Byzantine chroniclers of courts and palaces. And it is curious to find even among the wild conquerors of Britain, the founders of our race, some elements of freedom and some traits of free institutions. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ELEPHANTS PILING TIMBER.

THE highly trained male elephants with tusks manage the pushing part of their work very skillfully. The trunk is used as a pad or buffer between the ivory and the wood, and the pushing is done steadily. An average log weighs about a ton and a half. When it has to be pushed into the river, the elephant feels the end of it with his trunk; and having ascertained where he can place his tusks with most advantage, he adjusts the buffer, and starts off, pushing the log steadily before him. Should it happen to be an extra heavy one, he stops occasionally to take breath; and as it slides down the muddy bank toward the water, he gives it a finishing slap, as if to say, "There, you're afloat at last!" Sometimes the logs are awkwardly jammed up together, so that the ends have to be raised in order to get the dragging chains fastened. This he does by putting his tusks underneath; and passing his trunk over the log to keep it steady, lifts it up to the required height. When it is a very heavy lift, he will go down on his knees to get a better purchase. He stacks the timber most skillfully, also, by lifting the end of the log as much as nine or ten feet in this manner, places it on the top of the pile, then goes to the other end and pushes it forward till he gets it quite flush with the rest. In all this he is of course directed by his rider the mahout, who uses certain words which the elephant has been accustomed to hear, and signs the meaning of which he knows perfectly. A push of the foot behind the right or left ear makes him answer the driver's wish as a boat answers the rudder, and a nudge behind the neck means "straight ahead."

A highly trained elephant, however, will work among timber by verbal directions as intelligently almost as a collie will among sheep. The finest and best-trained animals are reserved for employment in the saw-mills, where they work among the machinery with sagacity and precision. Strangers have sometimes been so much impressed with their admirable qualities in this respect that they have carried away slightly exaggerated impressions on the subject. In one case a spectator was so profoundly overcome by the careful manner in which he saw the elephant laying planks and slabs on the travelling benches to be cut, that he gravely reported the circumstance in an Indian newspaper, remarking that the animal shut one eye when it looked along the bench, to make sure the timber was laid on accurately for the saw.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SERIOUS alarm has been felt in Australia in the persistency of drought and high temperature, the latter reaching 124°, and even higher, as reported, in the interior of Australia. Similar reports come from Cape Colony, New Guinea, and many of the South-sea Islands, and, indeed, from almost every portion of the southern hemisphere. The destruction of cattle, the deterioration in value of once fertile farms, and other serious results have been very marked. Quite recently, however, copious rains are reported from the Cape, to be followed, it is hoped, by a similar experience in the other countries mentioned.

As a matter of economical interest it may be stated that the first new mackerel for the season of 1878 were brought into New York on the 6th of April, having been caught somewhere off the coast of Virginia by the schooner *Lillian*, of Noank, which left on her cruise on the 12th of March. So far there is promise of an extraordinary run of mackerel during the present year.

The use by confectioners and preparers of preserved vegetables of salts of copper to supply a desired green tint is highly reprehensible even though in small quantities, serious cases of poisoning having arisen, and the practice is now forbidden by the police laws of most European cities. GUILLEMARE obtains a harmless and equally effective coloring agent by dissolving the chlorophyll of parsley or other similar plant by means of a solution of caustic soda. The chlorophyll is precipitated by the addition of alum, and this precipitate, after washing, is dissolved in a solution of sodium phosphate. A certain quantity of this liquor is added to the water used in the preparation of the vegetables, and the excess of chlorophyll is quickly absorbed by the immersed vegetable, and the natural green color restored.

The part assigned by experimenters to minute vegetable organisms in the production of various physical and natural phenomena is already very extensive, and new illustrations are continually being added. Fermentation of all kinds and acetification, the development of certain diseases, numerous pathological conditions, the various rots of wood, etc., are among the number, and it is now maintained that the production of nitre in the soil and in waters is due to the growth of some mycoderm, perfectly analogous in its processes to the acetic fermentation by which alcohol is oxidized by the growth of *Mycoderma aceti*. This is corroborated by the fact that nitrification does not take place in the light, but that darkness is always favorable to the action of the nitrifying germs.

According to COURTOUNE, a saturated solution of sugar at 39° F. contains 66½ per cent. of that substance, and at 113° F. it contains 71 per cent.

We have already referred to the death at Zanzibar of Captain CRESPEL, one of the Belgian Committee of the International African Association, to prosecute some explorations according to an established plan. We now learn that he has been succeeded by Lieutenant WANTIER.

By a recent act of the Legislature of Illinois the museum of the State Natural History Society at Normal has been organized into an establishment to be known as "The Illinois State Museum of Natural History," which is at present under the charge of Mr. S. A. FORBES. This gentleman announces a summer school of natural history, to open on the 26th of June, and close on the 24th of July, during which interval instruction will be given in comparative anatomy and general zoology, embryology, the collection and preservation of specimens, botany, and chemistry, to be diversified by excursions in various directions for the purpose of securing material for examination.

Professor A. LAMY, for a long time Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the École Centrale, died in Paris on the 20th of March. As an investigator devoted to industrial and chemical inquiries he is best known in connection with the metal thallium, having indicated the existence of such a metal so nearly at the same time with Mr. CROOKES as to involve considerable discussion as to the question of priority. He was the inventor of two valuable pyrometers associated with his name; he was also much interested in chemical research, and as a physicist is said to have been the first to bring to notice the development of induction currents by means of terrestrial magnetism.

Mr. ORMOND STONE, director of the Cincinnati Observatory, has recently printed one of the series of the publications of that establishment, consisting of a table of micrometrical measurements of 517 double stars, observed with the 11-inch refractor during 1877.

DE MAISSONNEUVE, honorary director of the gardens of Bordeaux, died on the 20th of February, at the age of eighty-two. He was a member of the commission for the scientific exploration of Algeria, and occupied himself especially in researches connected with the botany of the country.

Professor GUSTAV WILLIAMS, of Strasburg University, a well-known African explorer, died recently, at the age of thirty-two.

The State Department has just received the official acknowledgments made by the British government to the government of the United States for the very valuable services extended to Australia and New Zealand in the transmission, by the United States Fish Commission, of eggs of the California salmon to those colonies. It is stated in the dispatch that of nearly a million eggs received, ninety-five per cent were hatched out, and have been planted in the waters of the colonies, and that the greatest enthusiasm has been excited in consequence. The courtesy extended by America in thus assisting in the increase of the food resources of a sister nation, at no expense other than the absolute cost of packing and shipping, is dwelt upon at great length as worthy of the special recognition of the English people.

Dr. CHIL has lately fallen under the ban of the Roman Catholic Church for having accepted the theory of the original barbarism of man, in a work upon the Canary Islands. For this book the author has been excommunicated, and all copies of the work have been claimed by the authorities for destruction.

Dr. DAVID F. WISER, an eminent Swiss mineralogist, died on the 21st of March at Zurich, at the age of seventy-six. For many years he devoted himself exclusively to studies relating to the mineralogy of Switzerland, and his cabinet has long attracted the attention and admiration of those interested in such subjects.

Professor REYNOLDS announces the discovery of a new explosive, composed of 75 parts of chloride of potassium and of 25 parts of a body called sulphurea, which is obtained in large quantity as a waste product in gas manufacture. The compound, the elements of which are not at all dangerous, is easily prepared at any moment by mixing the ingredients. It ignites at a lower temperature than ordinary gunpowder, and has much greater explosive power, leaving a comparatively small residuum. According to Professor REYNOLDS, it is especially applicable for blasting, for shells, torpedoes, and for similar purposes.

In an elaborate and exhaustive work by Baron RICHTHOFEN, upon China and its geology, reference is made to the so-called *Loess-manchen*, an almost impalpable calcareous formation, so soft as to be easily crumbled by the hand, and filled with very fine vertical tubes, branching downward like the rootlets of a vegetable growth. South of the plateaus of Central Asia there are vast areas occupied by this substance, which fills the valleys to a depth of hundreds and even thousands of feet. It is totally unstratified, and wherever cut into by erosion presents an almost absolutely vertical cliff.

The region covered by it is intersected by deep cañons with vertical walls, as in Colorado. The roads worked in it sometimes settle to the depth of a hundred feet below the general surface, owing to the material being cut up by the wheels. The fertility of this *Loess* is inexhaustible. It has been cultivated for hundreds and perhaps thousands of years without any appreciable diminution in its agricultural value.

Numerous theories have been offered in explanation of this peculiar deposit, which is found at all altitudes up to 8000 feet, and covering the crests of the mountains as well as the valleys. Every where it has the same character, containing immense quantities of land shells and bones of land animals, but no traces of marine or fresh-water life.

The usual theory of the deposit of such strata under water Baron RICHTHOFEN considers untenable, and he presents the bold and novel hypothesis that it consists of fine material which has been blown by the fierce winds of a treeless continent from the hills into the valleys, and in time by almost imperceptible additions raised the surface from its original bed to the present altitude. This view is accepted, or considered at least extremely probable, by Professor PUMPELLY, who, however, does not find in the gradual disintegration of the rocks surrounding these basins sufficient material for the purpose, but suggests that the glaciers of High Asia and of Tien-shan might supply all that was required. The streams flowing from these vast glaciers have been for ages transporting the products of glacial attrition into Central Asia and North-western China, and the fine silt left dry by the rivers as they sink below the surface, in Professor PUMPELLY's opinion, would seem to have been an important source to supply the wind with this *Loess*-making material.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I SHOULDN'T think there would be such a word as 'breakfast,'" remarked a young linguist to his mother, the other morning. "Why not, dear?" asked she. "Because, ma," replied the boy, "it ain't natural; things never break fast—they break loose." There was a sad bewilderment of expression in the face of that mother, as she gazed speechlessly upon her precious son.

"Dad, have you ever been to the museum?" said a ten-year-old. "No, my son." "Well, go and mention my name to the keeper, and he'll take you round and show you every thing."

Since the introduction of female postmasters, a girl goes up to the window and says, "Is there a letter for Miss Margaret Robinson?" "Yes," says the female postmaster, "here is one from John M'Jones."

The discouraged collector again presented that little matter. "Well," says his friend, "you are round again?" "Yes," says the fellow, with the account in his hand, "but I want to get square."

Now say that a Scotchman can't make a joke! The magistrates of Aberdeen have solemnly given it as their opinion that it is unlawful to take spirit out of an empty cask.

You need not be afraid of giving too much. An old darky once said, "If any ob you know ob any church w'at died ob liberality, jes tell me whar it is, an' I will make a pilgrimage to it, an' by de soft light ob de pale moon I will crawl upon its moss-covered roof an' write upon de topmost shingle, 'Blessed am de dead who die in de Lord.'"

In a recent case for assault, the defendant pleaded guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only ones in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago, before the man who is not her lord and master, but is her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he, meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear," he replied; "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

"I didn't know," said an old lady, as she laid down her newspaper, "that thieves were so scarce they had to advertise for 'em, and offer a reward for their discovery."

Major Pitcairn, a British officer at Concord and Lexington, was a joker—mayhap a saucy one. Among the relics of old Christ Church, in Boston, is an ancient singing-book, on the fly-leaf of which is written: "Major Pitcairn's compliments to the head singer, with the request that she will not sing so loudly, as it is impossible for him to sleep."

The conversation fell upon anonymous letters, on which subject each said his say: "The arm of a coward," "The weapon of an informer," etc. A gentleman of Irish descent, who had been listening very attentively, then said: "One day I thought I would try what effect an anonymous letter would have upon me, so I wrote one to myself. Well, I was quite indifferent to it."

It makes a stuttering man awful mad to be drawn into a discussion about "the remonetization of the dollar of our fathers," and the "necessity of an introconvertible bimetallic currency." He may be just bursting with ideas, but the flow of language in the title of the bill is what throws him.

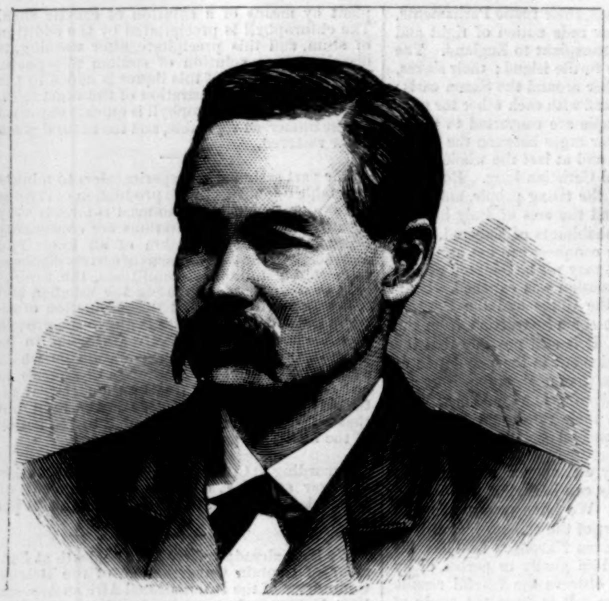
The flowing reporter who wrote, with reference to a well-known belle, "Her dainty feet were incased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots," tied his wardrobe up in a handkerchief and left for parts unknown when it appeared the next morning: "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry-boats."

It is a pleasant thing to see roses and lilies glowing upon a young lady's cheek, but a bad sign to see a man's face break out in blossoms.

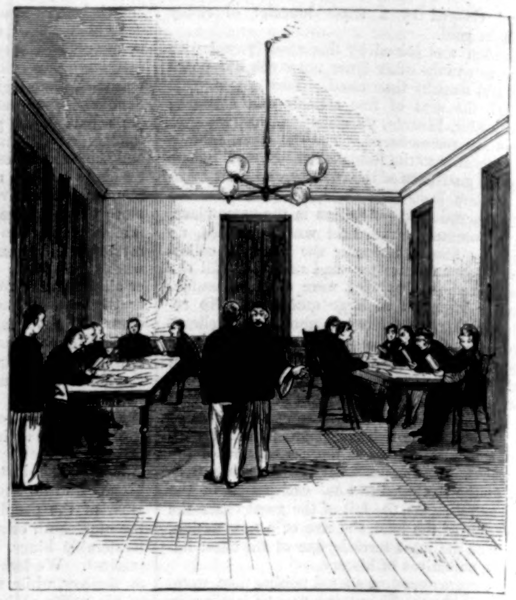
QUESTION FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.—"If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on or to let go?"

A newly married man went home the other evening and found his wife asleep on the lounge. He knelt beside her and devoured her with loving eyes. "John," she murmured, in her sleep. "Yes, my pet, what is it?" he whispered, thrilled to his heart's depths by the calling of his name. "John," she again murmured, "spare-rib is only nine cents a pound." The thrill passed off.

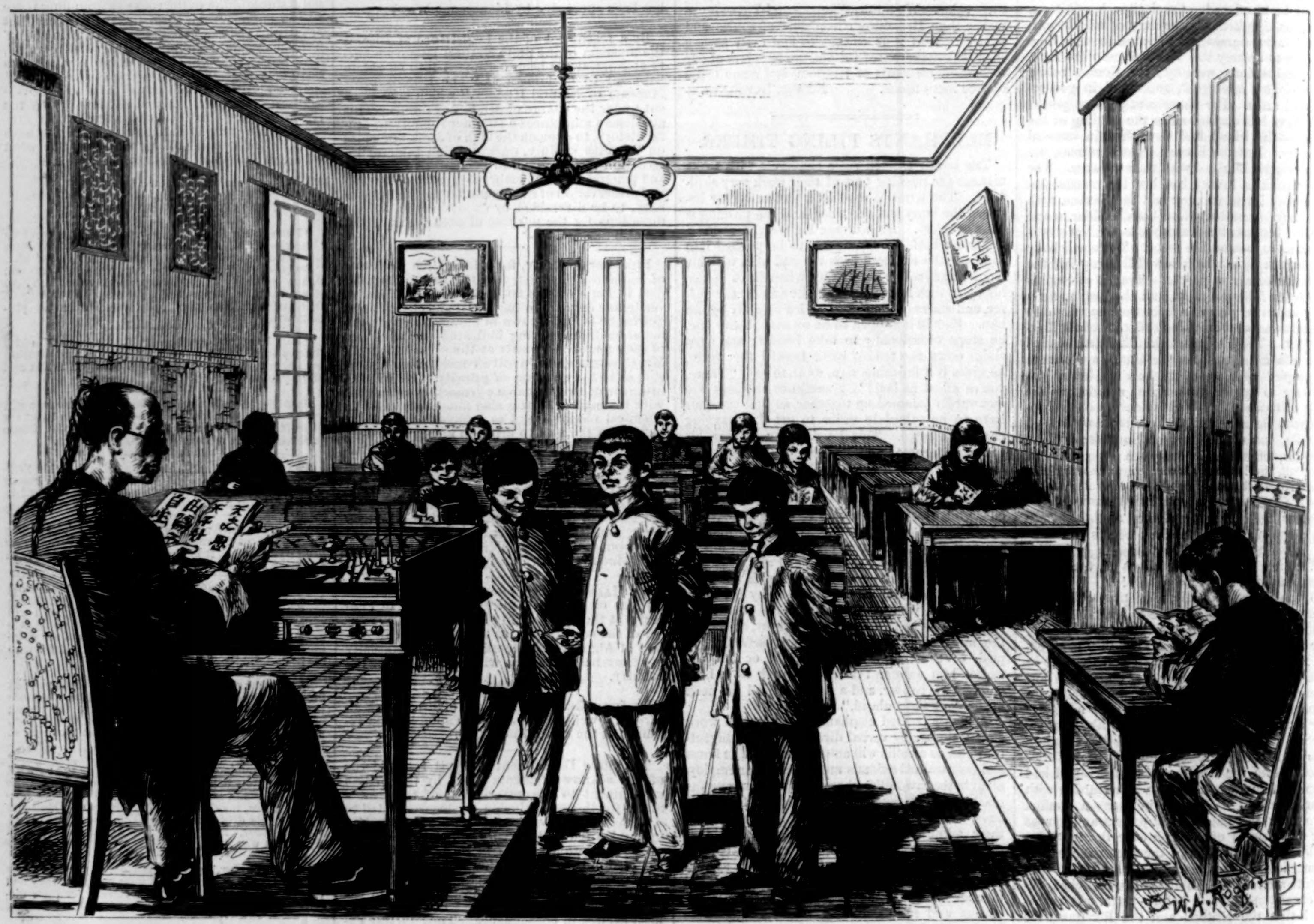
YUNG WING'S HOUSE.



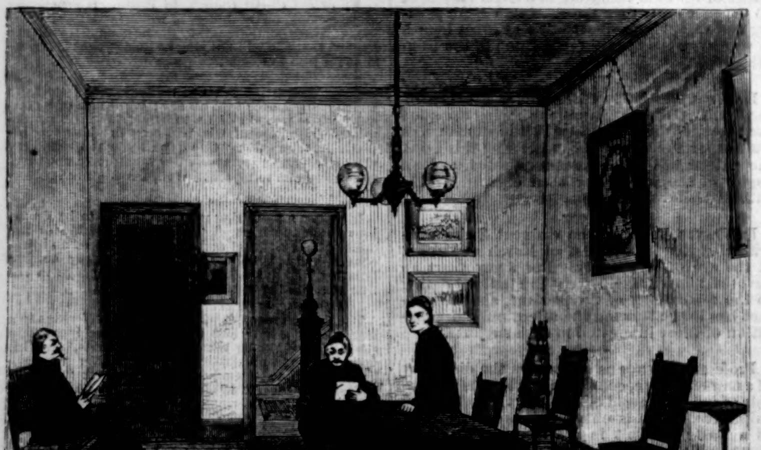
MANDARIN YUNG WING.



STUDY AND DINING-ROOM.



IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.



PARLOR.

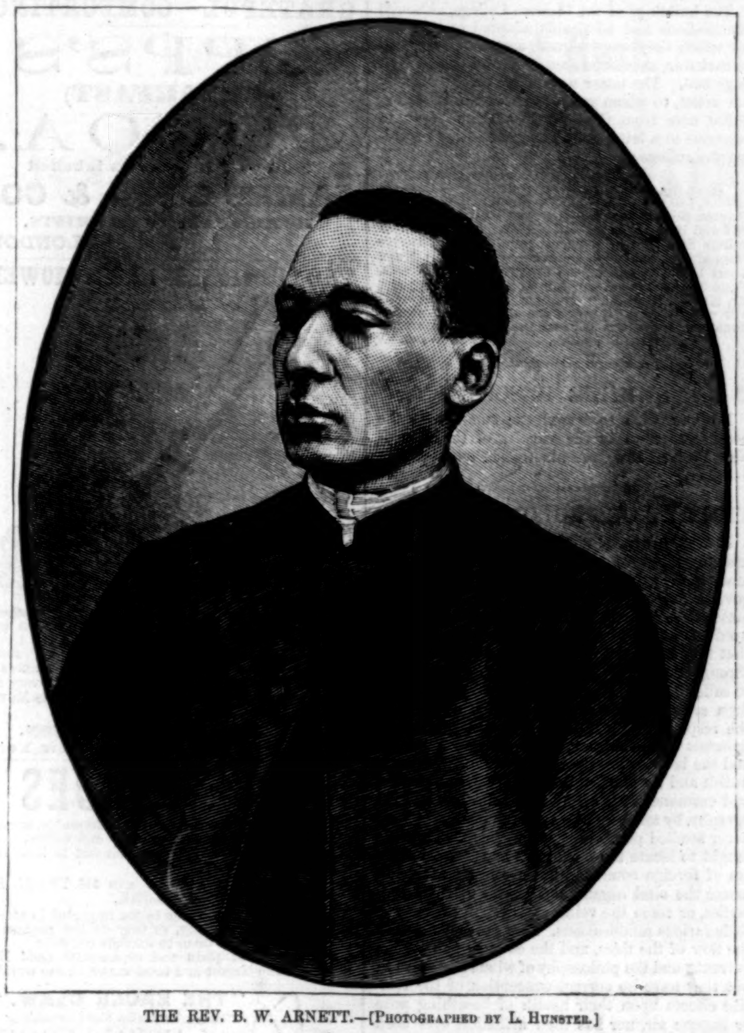
THE COLLEGE.

THE CHINESE COLLEGE AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 397.]

THE GREAT SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The meeting of the delegates to the International Sunday-school Convention that took place during the month of April at Atlanta, Georgia, was characterized by unusual interest and enthusiasm, one incident only having occurred that might in any way cast a shadow upon the general harmony of the occasion. This was the exclusion of the colored brother whose portrait accompanies the present article. The Rev. B. W. Arnett is the pastor of a church in Ohio, and was regularly commissioned by the Sunday-school Union of that State to attend the Atlanta Convention as a delegate. Objection was, however, made to his presence, it having been decided by the officers of the Convention that the time was not yet arrived when such action might be taken without detriment to the cause of religion in the South. It is to be regretted that such is the condition of affairs, for certainly a religious body should be the last to insist upon distinctions of race that are not recognized by the State. The exhibition of feeling contained in the request that their single delegate should not attend the Convention, on account of his color, can not fail to impress the African Methodists with a sense of injury received at the hands of their white brethren.

The Convention was held in the First Baptist Church, as offering the best accommodation of any religious edifice in the city, and the tasteful decorations proved the interest taken by ladies of the congregation in preparing for the reception of the delegates. Conspicuous above the main entrance was the word "Welcome," arranged in large letters of cedar twigs, while on either side the doorway were shrubs and plants, many of them bearing a wealth of blossoms. Over the central aisle were the words, in gilt, "Our Text, the Scriptures; our Trophy, the Soul." Above, over the pillars of the gallery, in large letters, was inscribed, "Truth, Prayer, Sympathy." The gallery was beautifully festooned with flowers, and the walls were hung with wreaths and rich draperies of nature's floral wealth. The platform was almost covered with flowers in vases, bouquets, and other attractive shapes. The high arch above was adorned with long lines of cedar interspersed with lilies and roses. At the head of the arch were the words, "Our Sufficiency is of God." The recess back of the pulpit was adorned with varied flowers. Above them were the words, "Our Story, Jesus and His Love—Peace be unto you." All through the church were the names of the various States represented, designating the seats of delegates.



THE REV. B. W. ARNETT.—[Photographed by L. Hunster.]

The Convention, which was large and influential, included representatives from the Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, and Methodist denominations from every State of the Union and from the British Provinces; and while its main object was to afford an opportunity for an interchange of views on the subject of Sunday-schools and the best method of religious training for the young, it can not be doubted that the fraternal intercourse of so many of the leading minds from all sections of the country will tend to promote a true and lasting harmony that will pervade all classes of society, and obliterate the traces of bitterness that still survive the war. The addresses, whether by clergymen or laymen, breathed the spirit of genuine harmony, and were highly significant of the gradual fading out of sectional feeling. With the exception of the exclusion of the worthy colored clergyman, alluded to previously, there was no feature of the Convention to which exception could be taken. The reverend gentleman, it should be understood, although a regularly elected delegate, declined to be present and press his claims, lest an element of discord might be introduced into the Convention; and in this his action was far more manly and Christian than that of the men who excluded him. Their conduct savors too much of the bigotry of a book recently published in the South, written to prove the absurd doctrine that the negro is not a member of the human family, but only a superior species of brute without a soul.

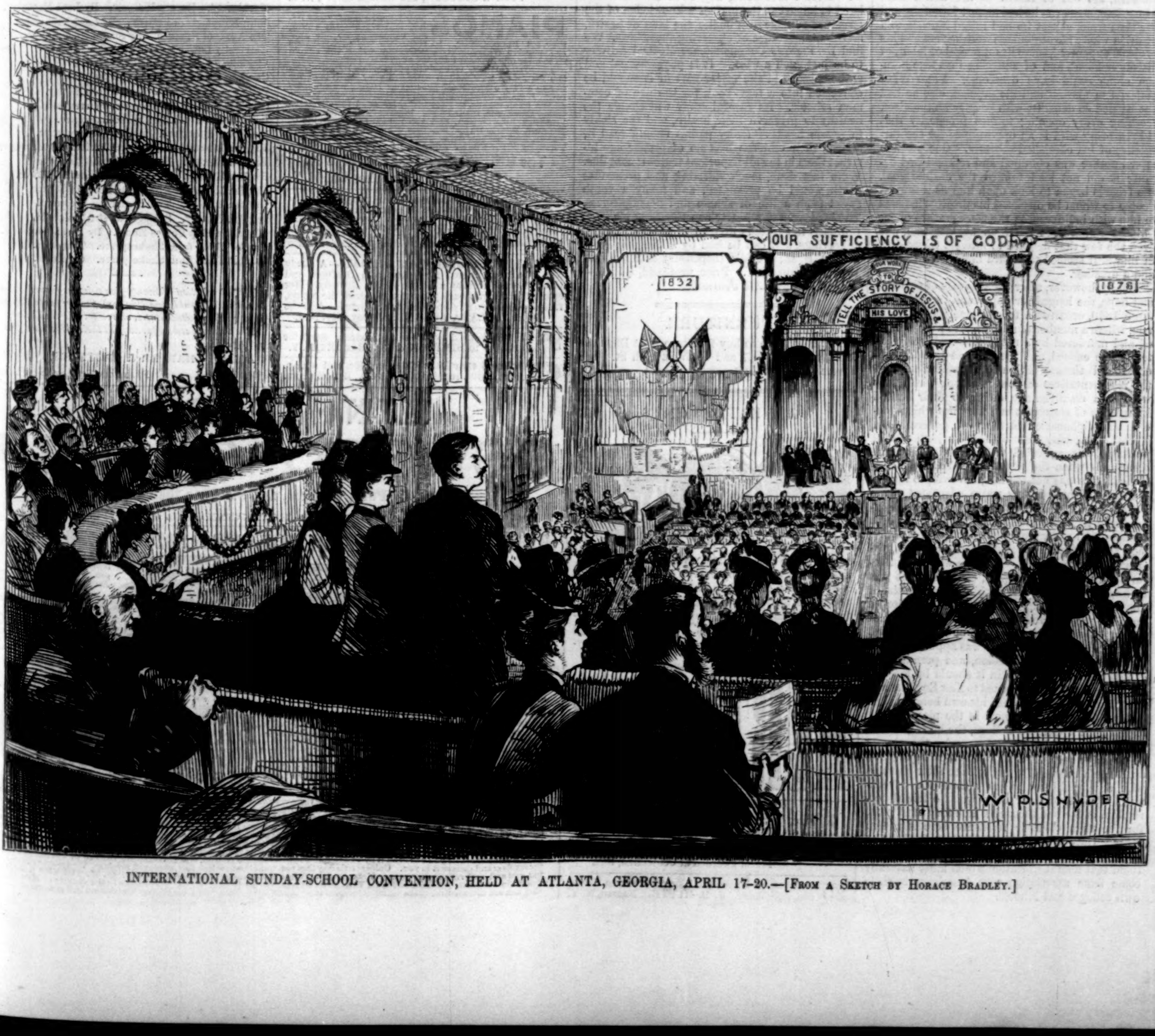
Among the speakers was Governor Colquitt, who, in delivering the address of welcome to the Canadian delegates, compared the proposed European Congress which is to decide "who shall hold the keys to two narrow channels of water, and who shall be made responsible for the government of a few desolated and blood-soaked patches of earth in the Balkan peninsula," to the Convention before him, the diplomacy of which "assumes that mankind is a great brotherhood; that the will of God, done on earth as it is in heaven, is peace and good-will between men; that justice and truth and mercy are the grand conservators of human happiness and greatness; and that the cheapest defense of nations is to live void of offense to God and man."

We can not afford space for a detailed report of the proceedings of the Convention, which consisted mainly of carefully prepared and interesting reports of past work, and debates upon the best method of directing the labors of the future. Certainly, from the showing of the statistics, it would appear that the delegates enjoy the best of all encouragements—success. At present there are 7,657,696 members in the Sunday-schools belonging to this Union in the United States and Canada alone. During the last year there were within this territory 7640 new schools established, and 790,943 new children added to the rolls.

CHINESE EDUCATION.

The Chinese College at Hartford, Connecticut, is one of the most remarkable educational enterprises connected with the history of learning. New England has for years enjoyed the reputation of having furnished the brain power for all sections of her own country, but it is a curious thought that her influence should have extended itself to the antipodes, and persuaded the most autocratic government in the world that hers is the soil upon which to rear and educate its future statesmen.

The history of the Chinese Educational Mission in America is so interwoven with that of its founder that to sketch his life is the best manner in which to explain the aims and objects of the institution. In 1828 there was born near



INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION, HELD AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA, APRIL 17-20.—[From a Sketch by Horace Bradley.]

the suburbs of the city of Macao, in Southern China, a young lad named Yung Wing. His parents were humble people, but sufficiently enlightened to perceive the advantage of having their boy acquainted with the English language, and for this purpose he was sent to the Morrison School, founded by Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China. At the time of Yung Wing's admission to this institution it was located at Macao; but the subsequent removal to Hong-Kong did not sever his connection with it. The boy's devotion to his studies and rapid advancement soon began to attract the attention of his teachers, and in 1847 the Rev. S. R. Brown, who had for some time been in charge of the school, invited Yung Wing and two of his fellow-pupils to accompany him to America. Arrangements were made for their expenses by a liberal Scotchman resident at Hong-Kong, and the young men were brought to this country, and found a home with the relatives of the missionary who had first interested himself in them.

The first memorable event in the life of Yung Wing after his arrival in America was his conversion to Christianity; the second, his admission to the Freshman Class at Yale College. Here the young Chinaman stood at a disadvantage, for his preparation had necessarily been hurried and insufficient, owing to his desire to lose as little time as possible in preparing himself for his life work. Nevertheless his courage and perseverance carried him through, and in 1854 he graduated with considerable honor. It was at this time that Yung Wing disappointed his friends. Naturally it was the hope of the godly people who had interested themselves in him that he would become a minister of the Gospel. This, however, was not the career that commended itself to him. His desire was to benefit his country, and the difficulties which it seemed to him necessary to contend were rooted in the government itself. Thus while a Christian at heart, and ardently desiring the advancement of the faith dear to him, his mission, according to his own conviction, lay in opening the mind of the Chinese government to the necessity of a liberal education for its rulers. Warwick declared himself a "maker of kings;" Yung Wing desired to become a maker of statesmen. In college the heart of the young enthusiast burned to think that the armies of China were commanded by foreign officers, that foreign merchants controlled her commercial interests, and that in her negotiations with other countries she was represented by foreign diplomatists. How to alter all this was in college the problem of Yung Wing's waking hours. That it has been altered, and through his exertions, will undoubtedly be his satisfaction when at the close of a long and laborious career he rests from his work.

Between the month of April, 1855, when the Chinese graduate of Yale, friendless and poverty-stricken, set out to return to the native land whose language even he had almost forgotten, and the time when at last he had raised himself to a position where his arguments were heeded and his projects supported, there lies a period of labor, of discouragement, and of suffering that true heroism alone could have overcome. Yung Wing believed in himself and his mission, else he had not battled so defiantly with poverty and neglect, scorning every opening toward prosperity that did not bring with it an opportunity for the furthering of his cherished schemes. One position after another was obtained and relinquished because it did not lead toward the desired goal. His friends began to look upon him as a failure. People to whom he disclosed his projects listened to him with indifference; the conservatism of the Chinese Empire set itself up against him, and even the few that deigned to interest themselves in him still seemed to regard him as a visionary and a dreamer.

Finally, however, after twenty years of patience and hope, the longed-for opportunity arrived. In June, 1870, occurred a fearful massacre at Tientsin, where a number of missionaries were attacked and murdered by a native mob. Foreign interference ensued, and the Chinese Commissioners found themselves in communication with the representatives of powers among whom they were at a disadvantage, owing to their limited knowledge of statecraft and the laws which govern the diplomatic relations of governments. Yung Wing, who now occupied a high official position, was appealed to, but arrived on the scene only when the negotiations had been concluded. He was not too late, however, to find in the three Commissioners warm advocates of his heretofore contemned plans. Aided by their influence, a memorial urging the appointment of a commission to provide for the education of young men abroad for the service of the Chinese government was prepared. No time was lost in securing all possible support, the document was forwarded to Pekin, and within three months of the massacre the imperial government indorsed the new project, and appropriated the sum of $1,500,000 to aid in carrying it out. Yung Wing had received his reward. He was appointed Chief Commissioner of the mission, and permitted to choose the country wherein it should be located. Naturally his thoughts turned to New England and to the State which contained his own beloved alma mater. Thus we have now in the pleasant city of Hartford a Chinese College, the head-quarters of an educational commission under the charge of which young Chinamen are being prepared by a thorough course of study to take their place as wise and intelligent rulers among the government officials of their country. No trivial curriculum is the one through which they must pass, for the term of their residence here is fifteen years. Only a portion of the time is spent at their own institution, the design being to give them that liberal education which must naturally come from association with Americans in their own colleges and schools.

The buildings of the Chinese College, although commodious and admirably adapted to the uses for which they are designed, are not in any way remarkable, as will be seen from the sketches on page 396. The latter were made on the spot by our artist, to whom was addressed the following polite note from Commissioner Yung Wing in response to a letter soliciting information regarding the college:

"Hartford, Connecticut, *April* 29, 1878.

"Dear Sir,—Since receiving your letter of the 24th instant, I have been too busy to answer till now. The Chinese Educational Building was built in the years 1876 and 1877. It cost about $55,000. It is located on Collins Street. Our youngest pupil is about twelve years of age; our oldest about twenty-two. Mr. Ngeu Ngoh Liang is one of the Commissioners; Messrs. Yung Tsang Cheong and Liu Ki Tsin, teachers; and Mr. Kwang Ki Chau, interpreter. Some of the pupils will very likely go through the classical and professional course; others will take the scientific course.

"Respectfully yours, Yung Wing."

SUMMER RESORT.

Do you wish to spend the summer at the healthiest resort in the vicinity of the City of New York? If so, see illustration on page 400.—[*Com.*]

THE ART OF PROLONGING LIFE.

People generally desire long life and good health. Sickness and premature death are almost always due to violations of the laws that govern our physical being, and of which the masses are ignorant. If men knew better they would *do* better; but how can they avoid an evil that they know not of? While efforts are made through the public schools to give each child a so-called common English education, yet the children are permitted to grow up and enter upon the responsible duties of active life, profoundly ignorant of the structure of their own bodies, and the laws of physical being upon which their health and lives depend. They are sent to school and crammed with arithmetic, grammar, and geography, by teachers who, in many instances, have never studied physiology and hygiene. They are taught to locate the mountains and trace the rivers of foreign countries, but are never taught to locate the vital organs and glands of their own bodies, or trace the veins, arteries, and nerves in their various ramifications. They are instructed in the flow of the tides, and the course of the ocean currents, and the philosophy of winds and storms; but they have no correct conception of the relative effects upon their health of breathing pure or impure air, nor has their attention ever been called to the importance of keeping their bodies clean and healthy by regular bathing. The criminality of such neglect in teaching becomes apparent when we consider that the masses, ignorantly violating the laws of health, bring upon themselves sickness, suffering, and death, that might otherwise be avoided. In this condition of things we welcome into being any work that is calculated to impart to the masses a knowledge of the structure of their own bodies, the laws of health, and the importance of observing those laws. We find Dr. Pierce's Common-Sense Medical Adviser to be just such a work. It is physiological and pathological, and the major part of it should be converted into a text-book for the use of common schools. Its careful study will enable the healthy to preserve their health, and the sickly to regain health. Every parent should read it, and as their children become of proper age instruct them in the all-important truths it contains. Were this done, much suffering and premature death would be prevented, and many a youth saved from a life of shame and licentiousness. The book contains nearly one thousand pages, is profusely illustrated with colored plates and wood-engravings, and can be had by addressing R. V. Pierce, M. D., World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. Price, post-paid, $1 50.—*United Brethren Aid Journal.*

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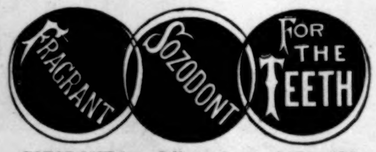

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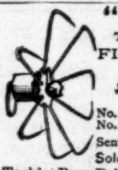

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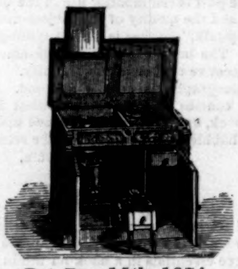
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SKETCHES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—[DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.]

THE GOLDEN STATE.

JUST as a prophet is without honor in his own country, so are the sights and scenes of his native land without attraction to the American traveller, if we may judge from the persistency with which he turns his back upon his own continent to seek recreation and pleasure on the other side of the ocean. Not even the opening of the Pacific Railroad, and the glowing accounts of the few adventurous tourists who have pronounced the wonders of our great West equal to those of foreign shores, have served to arrest the tide of travel that annually flows in the direction of the Old World; yet if the members of our Eastern communities who are about to start upon a lengthened tour during the pleasant weeks of the approaching summer vacations could be induced to think so, there are many points of interest upon our Western coast, and particularly within the limits of the State of California, which might successfully rival the great attractions of Europe.

"California," says one of our most popular authors, "is to most Eastern people still a land of big beets and pumpkins, of rough miners, of pistols, bowie-knives, abundant fruits, queer wines, high prices—full of discomforts, and abounding in dangers to the peaceful traveller." If this is the impression that obtains, certainly no greater delusion was ever harbored by an intelligent mind; for if there be a part of the world where life is made easy and luxurious, and travelling becomes a pleasure, it is in the vicinity of the Golden Gate. Not only is the scenery grand and imposing, and the climate healthful and exhilarating, but the weather is so uniform and delightful that not a single day need be lost. The journey from New York to San Francisco, which costs no more than a steamer fare to London, and is shorter than the voyage across the Atlantic, is in itself thoroughly enjoyable and instructive. The city of San Francisco is one of the pleasantest in the world, and throughout the whole country the roads are good, the inns clean, the food abundant and well cooked, and the charges moderate. As for Southern California, it may be recommended to consumptives as a place where sore lungs can not fail to be healed, and where life is more charming and delightful than it can ever be in any hackneyed resort for invalids.

It was Southern California rather than any other portion of the State that especially attracted the attention of our artist while selecting material for the above series of sketches. This is, comparatively speaking, *terra incognita* to the Eastern traveller; and yet there are few places in our land more interesting than the fertile valleys in the neighborhood of San Bernardino, where stand the ruins of the mission San Luis Rey. It is no doubt generally known that in the old times friars of the different orders of the Roman Catholic Church gathered the California Indians into missions, where they were taught various useful industries, but probably few realize the extent to which the labors of these priests were carried. The old missions throughout the southern part of the State, though now little more than unsightly ruins, yet show abundant evidence in aqueducts, buildings, mills, reservoirs, and orange and olive orchards of the skill and perseverance which the friars brought to their task of civilizing the savages.

The history of the missions of California has been compiled by a well-known Roman Catholic writer, but his work gives but little information concerning the character and objects of these men to whose patience and perseverance in a noble work Southern California is to-day indebted for a valuable laboring force. We know, however, that they were an intelligent order, with a quick eye for the advantages of the country around. What they sought in building was apparently a fine view, shelter from rude winds, good soil, and the vicinity of water, and so well did they secure these objects that in nearly every case the mission site is the best spot in the immediate district for residence and agriculture. Again, they were successful in teaching the Indians habits of labor. They taught them agriculture and many of the useful trades. Through the efforts of the friars the cultivation of the cereals was introduced into the State; through their instructions the Indians learned to cultivate the olive, the orange, and the date-palm. Even at this time the olive orchards of San Diego, the earliest planted in the State, still bear heavy crops, and are a source of large profit to their owners.

The reason for the decline of these missions it is difficult to trace. Possibly it may have lain in the narrow policy of the friars. Their views were no doubt limited and constrained; they probably had not faith enough in the Indian character to try to found with their help an empire or a self-

casions. Organs are unknown, but a drum, a fiddle, and a triangle make up an orchestra eminently satisfactory to a Temecula Indian.

One of the most prominent industries of Southern California is orange-growing. "Many kinds of fruit trees do well, and are profitable," remarked the proprietor of an orange orchard to a visitor who called upon him at his farm, "but they don't compare with the orange; when you have a bearing orange orchard, it is like finding money in the street." Los Angeles is at present the centre of orange culture in California, but the tree grows well throughout the southern portion of the State. Sixty orange-trees are commonly planted to the acre. They may be safely transplanted at three or even four years, if care is used to keep the air from the roots. They grow from seed, and it is believed in California that grafting does not change or improve the fruit. With thorough culture and irrigation the orange-tree can be kept healthy for years. If it is neglected, or if the gopher has gnawed its roots, the scale insect appears. A diseased tree, however, is rarely seen in a Californian orange orchard.

In regard to the yield of the orange-tree, about which so many remarkable stories are circulated, we have the following testimony from Mr. Charles Nordhoff, who, in his valuable work entitled *California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence*, published by the Harpers, discusses the subject of orange-raising as follows: "I have satisfied myself by examination of nearly all the bearing orchards in the southern counties, and by comparing the evidence of their owners, that at fifteen years from the seed, or twelve years from the planting of the three-year-old trees, an orange orchard which has been faithfully cared for and is favorably situated, will bear an average of 1000 oranges to a tree. This would give, at $20 per 1000—a low average—a product of $1200 per acre. One man can care for twenty acres of such an orchard; and every other expense, including picking, boxes, shipment, and commissions in San Francisco, is covered by $5 per 1000. The net profit per acre would therefore be a trifle less than $900. To show that this is not an over-statement, I will tell you that I have been in an orchard of less than nine acres which has produced for its owner for several years in succession a clear profit of over $8000. An orchard of forty acres in Los Angeles is reported to bring a clear rent of $15,000 per annum, and the lessee is believed to have made a fortune for himself. You will probably believe, after all, that I have little less than 2000 oranges to a tree. The best cultivators do not prune the tree at all; but in all the orchards willow poles are used to prop up the overladen branches. It lives to be over one hundred years old." The orchard in our sketch is located at San Gabriel, Los Angeles County. The great palm-tree that appears so prominently in the foreground is over one hundred years old, and was planted by the missionaries.

The manufacture of wine is also a great source of wealth in Southern California. Here again we can not do better than quote from Mr. Nordhoff, who says: "Not only, as I was assured by the German wine-growers, do the California vineyard-grape juice of the vineyardists. They watch the crop with some care as it is growing. They advise the farmers of whom they propose to buy concerning the treatment of their vineyards; but they do not buy the grapes, but only the juice, and of that only such as on trial they are satisfied with. Of what is left unsold the farmers make brandy. Every large vineyard, I am told, presently acquires a character of its own, either by reason of its soil or for the method and carefulness of its culture. I think an Eastern man has little idea until he visits one of the large wine houses in San Francisco what a business this has become. Mr. Haraszthy, of the house of Lands-ing and corking are done by machinery. When the wine has begun to clear itself, the bottles are placed cork downward, and the sediment is gradually deposited near the cork. In the next process a man takes each bottle gently in his hand and cuts the string which confines the cork, holding the bottle in a little closet. Out goes the cork, and with it the whole sediment and a very little wine. Now it is passed to another hand, who pours in a small fixed quantity of sirup made from rock-candy; the next man puts the bottle under an engine which rapidly corks it; the next wires it; and then it is carried into a lower apartment, where we saw 60,000 bottles on the rack, wealthy by raising hogs, for in California these unattractive animals easily find a living for themselves among the swamps and in the oak forests. The only care they receive comes from a stout servant, who, mounted on a mustang pony, and aided by his dog and his sharp whip, finds little difficulty in keeping the unruly crowd together.

Southern California is, so to speak, a paradise for the emigrant, the invalid, and the tourist. The first will find the fruitful ground ready and eager to yield a living for himself and his family; the second may here live in the open air, confident that no damp and disease-laden winds will make further inroads upon his frail health. As

"IMPRISONED SPRING."—[From a Painting by F. W. Lawson.]

indolence, which she would fain hide but must indulge — an indolence, too, which increases with

dren most need her activities.

Older still, auntie is the chaperon of the girls, and takes them to balls and parties at the sacrifice of her own strength and rest, while dear mamma lies soft and warm in her bed, and is so thankful that the girls are enjoying themselves meanwhile; hoping that auntie too is having a pleasant evening, and that Lady This has paid her a great deal of attention, and Lord That handed her in to supper. What a blessing it is, thinks mamma, turning over for her second sleep, that auntie likes going out so much! What would she, who hates it, do if she had it all on her own hands? At this moment auntie is yawning behind her fan, wearied to death, but smiling and good-natured to the last. It is not one of the least of the little pin-pricks of her life that she is assumed to like for herself all that she does for the children, and that sacrifice is not so much as dreamed of in her career.

The girls are very fond of her, certainly; that is one great joy, and the supreme reward of all her cares, outside the fact of knowing how much she has saved her sister. They will tell things to her which they would not confide to mamma, she seeming to stand in one sense nearer to them than does mamma—more familiar if less adored, more a companion if less a divinity. The first little dawnings of their love affairs are reflected in the mirror of auntie's consciousness long before mamma sees the flush; their little tiffs and difficulties now with each other at home, and now with their friends and companions without, generally pass into auntie's hands to arrange and compose; when they meditate an onslaught on the domestic peace by means of a party, it is she who is first sounded and her advocacy secured; and, to do her justice, she is as ready now to promote their pleasure as she was when she used to beg them off their impositions and secure their holidays, though she not unfrequently burns her fingers in their pie as the result. The boys call her jolly, and the girls' pet name for her is Pussy, and mamma herself confesses that she should not know what to do without her. She supplies surreptitious pocket-money as formerly she supplied surreptitious sweets, and conceals all scrapes which it would do no good to reveal. In the beginning of things it was Mary Jane's torn frock which she mended before mamma could scold tearfully or nurse storm wrathfully; or she bound up Jack's cut finger before any one could faint at the sight of the gash and the blood. Later, as characters develop and the scene of action shifts, it is Mary Jane's imprudent confidence which has borne

sustaining community. The race with which they were dealing was undoubtedly to them one which was always designed to be in subjection to the ruling whites. Wherever the fault may have lain, their structures are now in ruins. Little is left save crumbling walls, and out of their solidly built aqueducts giant palms may be seen growing. Of the mission of San Luis Rey, founded in 1779, and the most important of all, nothing remains save the ruined arcades of adobe and brick represented in our picture. These formerly inclosed a very large square, that served as a yard to the surrounding buildings. So rapid is the process of decay that it is probable that in a few years nothing will be left to indicate the place where the edifice once stood. The Pala Mission, of which a view is given, is located in a deep gorge of the San Bernardino Mountains. Built by the Temecula Indians, it is now the head-quarters of the tribe. Here may be found, shrined within the rude structure called the church, the wooden image of St. Louis, which was carried off with great care from the mission of San Luis Rey.

The Temecula Indians are descendants of those who formerly lived around this mission and that of San Diego. They are by no means an eminently civilized class of savages, but one lesson learned from their ancient instructors still remains with them, and that is the habit of work. In many cases they are to a small extent land-owners. They possess small farms, whereon they plant corn and wheat, and occasionally they own a few sheep or cattle. Horses they have, as a matter of course. The houses in which they live are mostly constructed of reeds and barley straw, laced with long poles. A visitor entering one of their unsavory abodes will usually find a single dark room, without windows or chimney. A fire is planted at one end, and the smoke escapes by way of the door. The beds on the floor usually occupy half the space within, while the women and children, and on Sunday the men, sit around the fire, upon which there is a pot full of mush boiling, provided the meal hour be near. The Temecula Indians are far from being a filthy people, having, it is natural to suppose, learned habits of cleanliness from the old Spanish Californians, who possess this virtue in a high degree. In religious matters, the sway formerly held over them by the Spanish priests is by no means lost. To this day they are assiduous attendants at church, and the "padre" is a great authority among them. On holidays, which occur frequently in the Roman Catholic Church, great efforts are made in the [illegible] ally enjoyed on these oc-

exaggerated the profits of this business, but the orange-growers of Los Angeles will smile at the extreme moderation of my statement. 'People tell large stories about oranges,' said one man to me, 'but the truth is big enough. At ten or twelve years trees may be safely counted on to average $10 each clear profit, with sixty trees to an acre, and that is big enough for any body.' And thereupon this orange-grower proceeded to show me the accounts of one little orchard of his own, which so greatly exceeded his moderate statement that I shall not give the figures. After ten years the tree rapidly and steadily increases in fruitfulness; the older trees in the orchards are now bearing, so every owner assured me, very

ists manage their part of the business—the picking and pressing of the grapes and the earlier fermentation of the wine—more cleanly, intelligently, and skillfully than in Europe, but the whole after-process of manufacture is a great improvement over European processes. Better casks are used; the cellars, which are here almost always above-ground (owing to the evenness of the temperature), are cleaner; and the whole treatment is better. And, finally, the great aim and chief difficulty of the California wine-maker being to produce a light wine—or what he imagines to be such—he is not tempted to give 'body' to his product by adulterating it with spirits. The wine-merchants and exporters buy the

BERGER & Co., showed us through his large establishment, and we were permitted to see the whole process of making sparkling wines, which can only be conducted in the cool and equal climate of San Francisco entirely above-ground. It is much simpler than I supposed, and takes much less time than in France. The white wine from various vineyards is so mixed that 50,000 or even 150,000 gallons are obtained of precisely the same quality. The wine is then run into vats, from which, being first carefully tested with the saccharometer, it is decanted into bottles. These are placed on racks in a warm room, where the process of change in the wines begins which makes them sparkling and effervescing. Both the fill-

with their noses slanted toward the ground. Here each bottle is slightly shaken in the rack once a day for six weeks by men who wear wire masks to save their eyes when a bottle explodes. They lose about four per cent. by breakage in this process; and when this is done the wine is clear, and after 'seasoning' for three or four months, it is 'complete,' or fit for consumption."

If neither the orange-growing nor the wine-manufacturing industry appeal to the traveller who fancies he may like to settle in Southern California, there is the business of raising stock, for which this prolific State offers unusual facilities. The "swine-herd" in our sketch is probably in the employ of some farmer who has grown

for the tourist, he will find himself in a land of new delights, and surrounded on all sides by attractive and interesting sights and scenes.

AUNTIE.

To the little ones of the family auntie is a kind of supplementary Providence, who fills in the chinks and crannies that have been left by the rapid handiwork of fate. She is the Bona Dea of the nursery, whose advent is hailed with shrill, sharp, infantile pæans, and whose presence means pleasure. She carries an inexhaustible cornucopia somewhere in the depths of her pocket, and breaks through mamma's wholesome rules of restriction for the delicious contraband of cakes and sweeties, which are sure to disorder the young stomachs that receive them. But when did childish mouths close themselves against the temptation of bull's-eyes and lumps of delight, for the chance of retribution in the shape of rhubarb and magnesia to follow? If auntie offers, the wee Adams and Eves accept; and, for the rest, there is more than one apple on the tree. Her toys come in showers like the pearls and diamonds of the fairy tale; and when the little ones think of Santa Claus, it is as auntie in a white wig and gray blanket, or in a gauze scarf and wings, according as the night-coming genius is a son of old Father Christmas or the daughter of fairy-land to their imagination. Growing older, auntie is still their providence, if the character of her care a little changes. When mamma is tired, when baby brother wants her in the nursery, and mysteries are on hand from which the children of the first rank are excluded, auntie is ready to do all that is wanted by way of companionship, and to lift the hours from weariness into pleasure. If the weather is fine, that nice long walk to the wood for anemones and primroses, or to the meadow for cowslips and cuckoo-flowers, can be taken under her escort; or if the croquet ground is available, it is she who sets the hoops and organizes the game. Auntie is the movable feast at which all in turn find their fitting date, and when wanted is ever at hand. She has nothing to do, according to the family superstition, and mamma has so much! The truth of things may be that auntie carries by far the heavier end of the domestic stick, and that baby brothers, with all included in the plea, are only colorable excuses for mamma's unconquerable indolence, which she would fain hide but must indulge — an indolence, too, which increases with [illegible] dren most need her activities.

Older still, auntie is the chaperon of the girls, and